

SELECT
Musicall Ayres
AND
DIALOGUES,
In Three BOOKES.

First Book, contains *AYRES* for a Voyce alone to the
Theorbo, or Basse Violl.

Second Book, contains Choice *DIALOGUES* for two Voyces to the
Theorbo or Basse Violl.

Third Book, contains short *AYRES* or *SONGS* for three Voyces,
so Compos'd, as they may either be sung by a Voyce alone,
to an Instrument, or by two or three Voyces.

Compos'd by these severall Excellent Masters in Musick, *Viz.*

<p>{ Dr. John Wilson, Dr. Charles Colman, Mr. Henry Lawes, Mr. William Lawes, Mr. William Webb.</p>	<p>{ Mr. Nicholas Lanneare, Mr. William Smegergill alias Caesar, Mr. Edward Colman, Mr. Jeremy Savile.</p>
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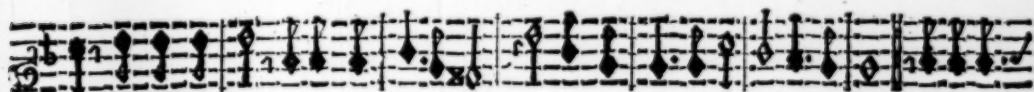
L O N D O N,

Printed by T. H. for John Playford, and are to be sold at his Shop, in the Inner
Temple, neare the Church doore. 1653.

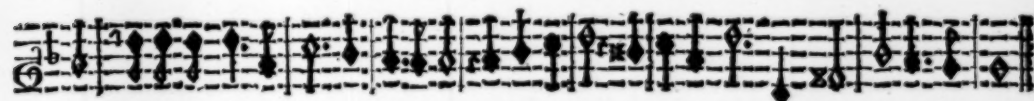
the



Ike hermit poor in pensive place obscure, I mean to spend my days of endles



doubt, to wail such woes as time cannot recure, where none but love shal ever find me out. And at my



gates, and at my gates despair shal linger stil, to let in death, to let in death when love and fortune will.

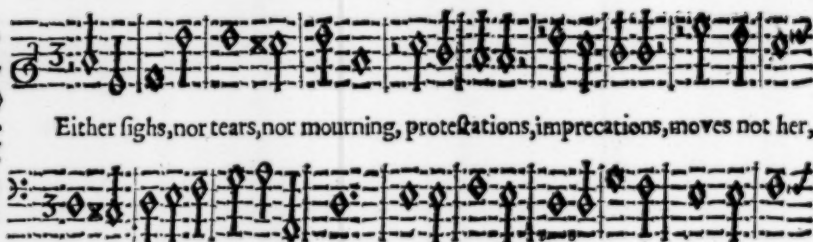


Mr. Nich Laneare.

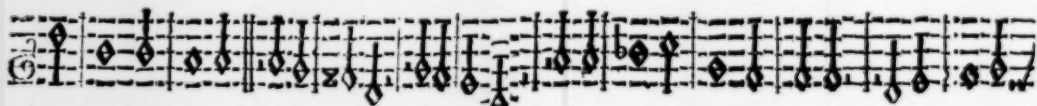
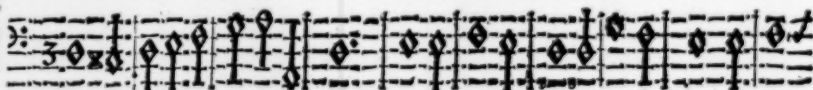
A Gown of gray my body shall attire,
My staffe of broken hope whereon I'll stay,
Of late repentance linkt with long desire,
The Couch is fram'd whereon my limbs I lay.
And at my gates, &c.

My food shall be of care and sorrow made,
My drink nought else but tears faln from mine eyes,
And for my light in this obscure shade,
The flame may serve, which from my heart arise:
And at my gates,

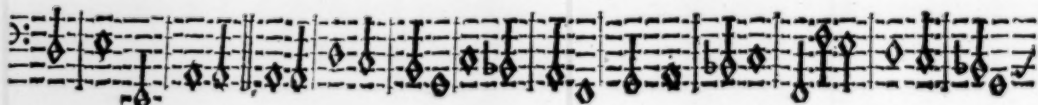
Select Ayres to sing to the Theorbo or Basse Violl.



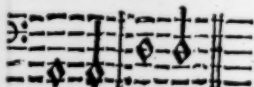
Either sighs, nor tears, nor mourning, protestations, imprecations, moves not her,



nor quench my burning, she so fridged, & so ridged, that my love procures but scorning, that my love pro



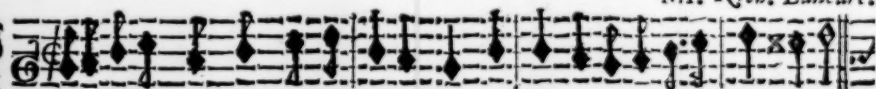
cures but scorning.



When I follow her she flies me,
Swiftly running
With more cunning
Then the Hare or Bird that spies me,
Still disdain
My complaining,
And to heare my griefe denies me.

Say alone, must it be so then?
Shall she glory in my story,
In my story,
And I unrevenged go then?
Prithee Cupid
Be not stupid,
Bend in my defence thy Bow then.

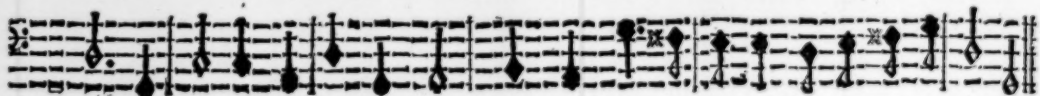
Mr. Nich. Laneare.



Hou art not faire for all thy red & white, for all these rosie or-na-ments in thee.
Hou art not sweet nor made of meer delight, nor faire, nor sweet unlesse thou pity mee.

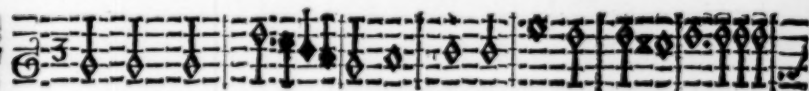


I wil not, :: smooth thy fancy, thou shalt prove that beauty is no beauty without love, no ::

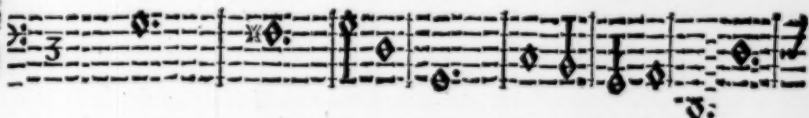


Yet love not me, nor seeke thou to allure
My thoughts with beauty, were it now divine;
Thy smiles and kisses I cannot indure,
I'll not be wrapt up in those armes of thine.
Now shew it if thou be a woman right,
Embrace, and kisse, and love me in dispite.

Mr. Nich. Laneare.

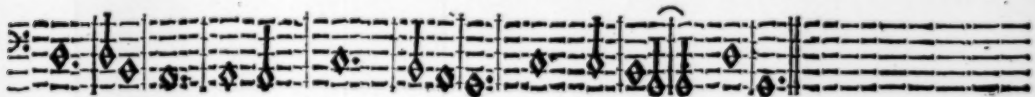


Wy shouldst thou sweare I am forsworn, since thine I vow'd to be, Lady it



is already mourn, it was last night I swore to thee, this fond impossi-bi-li-ty.

Mr. Charles.



Have I not lov'd thee much and long,

A tedious twelve houres space,

I should all other Beauties wrong,

And rob thee of a new embrace,

Should I still dote upon thy face.

Not that all Joyes in thy browne haire

By others may be found :

But I will search the black, the faire,

Like skilfull Mineralists that found

For treasures in unplow'd ground.

Then if when I have lov'd thee round,

Thou prove the pleasant shee,

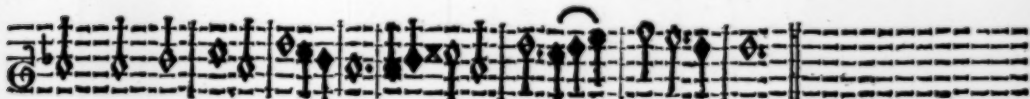
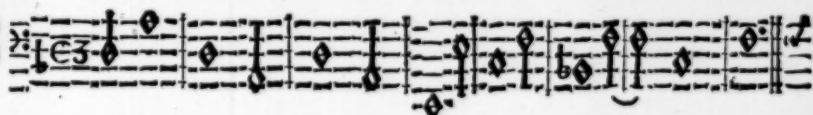
In spoyle of meaner Beauties crown'd,

I laden will return to thee,

Ev'n sated with variety.

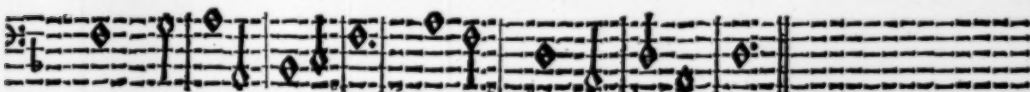


With no more thou shouldst love me, my joys are full in loving thee;



my heart's too narrow to containe, my blisse if thou shouldst love me a-gaine.

Mr. Warner.



Thy scorn may wound me, but my fate

Leads me to love, and thee to hate;

Yet I must love while I have breath,

For not to love were worse then death.

Then shall I sue for scorn or grace,

A lingering life, or death embrace;

Since one of these I needs must try,

Love me but once, and let me dy.

Such mercy more thy fame shall raise,

Then cruell life can yield thee praise;

It shall be counted who so dies,

No murder, but a sacrifice.



Hen thou didst think I did not love, then didst thou fawn on me, now whe thou



find'st that I do prove as kinde, as kinde may be, love faints in thee.

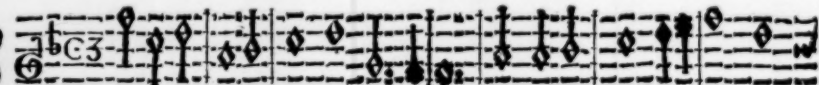


What way to fix the Mercury of thy ill fixt mind,
Me thinks it were good policy for me to turn unkind,
to make thee kind.

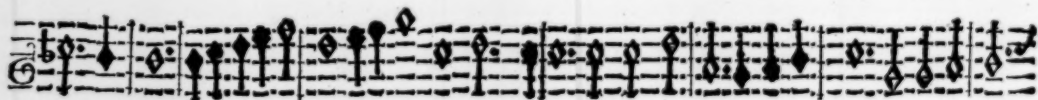
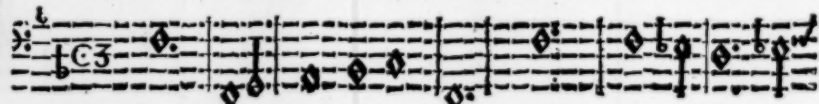
Nor will I yet good nature stain to buy at so great cost,
She which before I did obtain, I make account almost
my labour lost.

And though I might my selfe excuse with imitating thee,
Yet will I no example use that may bewray in mee
lightness to bee.

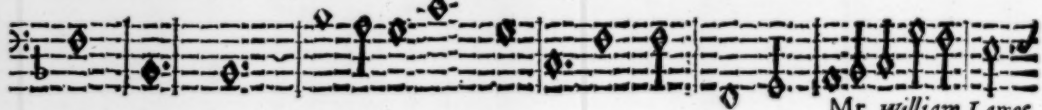
But since I gave thee once my heart my constancy shall show,
That though thou play the womans part & from a friend turn foe,
men do not soe.



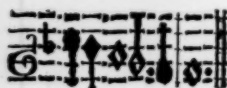
Aith be no longer coy, but let's enjoy what's by the world confest, wo-



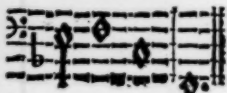
-men love best: thy beau-ty fresh as May, wil soon decay, besides with in a yeare or two I shall be old



Mr. William Lawes.

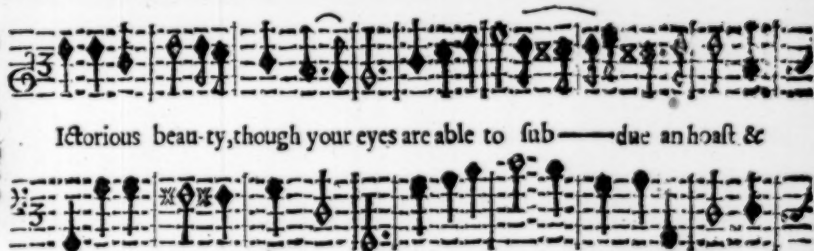


and cannot doe

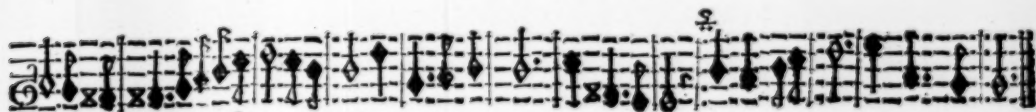


Do'st think that nature can
For every man,
Had she more skill, provide
So faire a Bride:
Who ever had a Feast
For a single Guest?
No, without she did intend
To serve the husband and his friend.

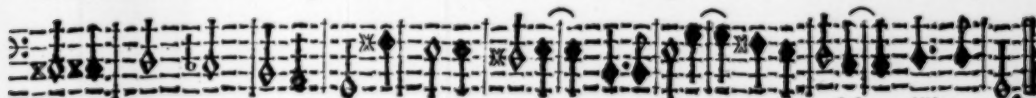
To be a little nice
Sets better price
On Virgins, and improves
Their servants loves,
But on the riper yeares
It ill appears:
After a while you'l find this true,
I need provoking more then you.



Victorious beauty, though your eyes are able to sub—due an host &c



therefore are un—like to boast the tak—ing of a lit—tle prize, do not a sin—gle heart despise.



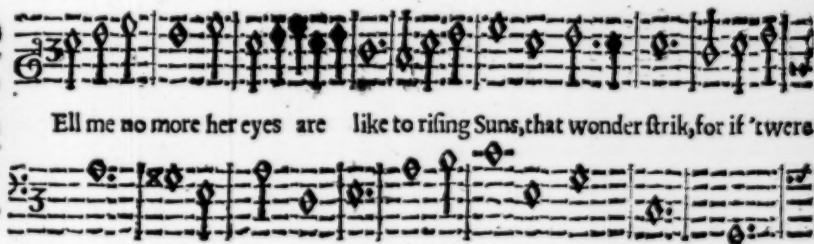
Mr. William Webb.

I came alone, but yet so arm'd
With former love, I durst have sworne
That as that privy coat was worne,
With characters of beauty charm'd,
Therby I might have scap't unharm'd.

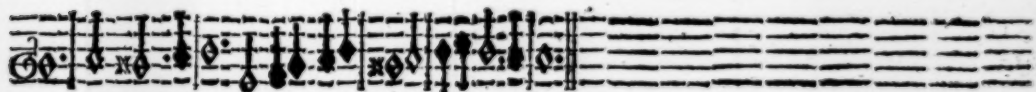
The Conquest in regard of me,
Alas is small, but in respect
Of her that did my Love protect,
Where it divulg'd, deserv'd to be
Recorded for a Victorie.

But neither steele, nor stony brasse
Are proofes against those looks of thine,
Nor can a Beauty lesse divine,
By any heart be long possesst,
Where you intend an interest.

And such a one, as chance to view
Her lovely face, perhaps may stay,
Though you have stole my heart away;
If all your servants prove not true,
May steale a heart or two from you.



Tell me no more her eyes are like to rising Suns, that wonder strik, for if 'twere



so, how could it be, they could be thus eclips'd to me?

Mr. William Lawes.



Tell me no more her breihs do grow
Like rising Hills of melting Snow;
For if 'twere so, how could they lye
So near the Sun-shine of her eye?

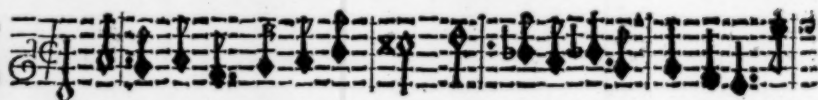
No, say her eyes Portend us are
Of ruine, or some blazing starre,
Else would I feele from that faire fire
Some heat to chearish my desire.

Say that although like to the Moone,
She heavenly faire, yet chang'd as soone;
Else she would constant once remaine,
Eith' to pry, or disdain.

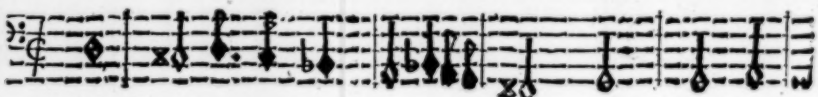
Tell me no more the relesse sphares
Compar'd to her voyce, fright our eares;
For if 'twere so, how then could death
Dwell with such discord in her breath?

Say that her breihs, though cold as Snow,
Are hard as Marble, when I wooe,
Else they would soften and releas
With sighs inflamed, from me flow.

That so by one of them I might
Be kept alive, or murder'd quite;
For 'tis no lesse cruel there to kill,
Where life doth but ingrate the ill.



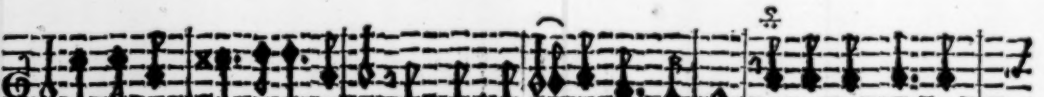
O, go, and bestride the southern wind, fly, O forlorn laor look behind, til



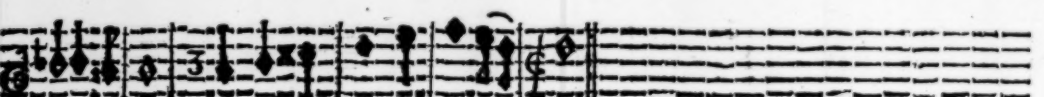
thou the glazed Ocean hast past and climes unknown to man, layd on a snow-rai'd mountain, bear the



bo-some to the freezing ayre; and if those colds be not so great to quench, but they thaw with thy



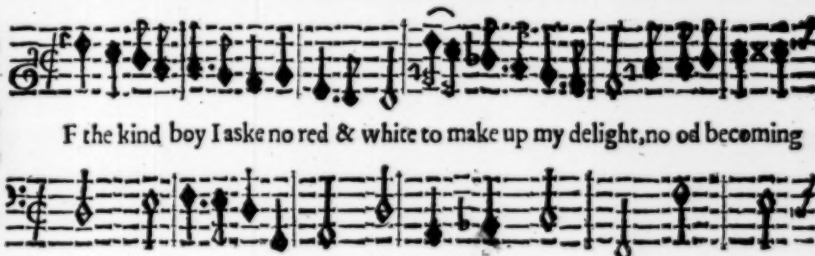
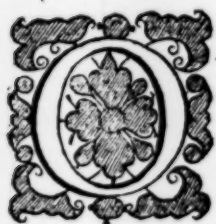
heat, her far more cold disdaine apply thine owne dispaire and will to dye, and when by these con-



geal'd to stone, then will her heart and thine be one.

Mr. William Webb.

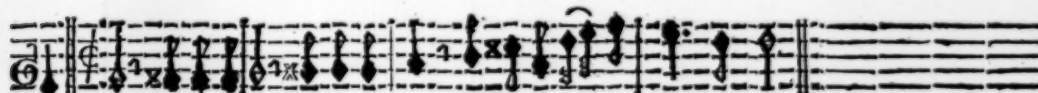
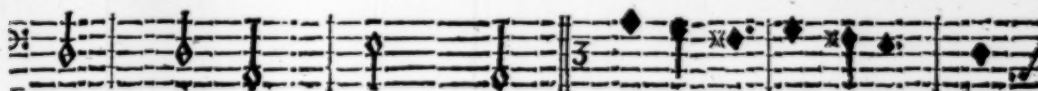




F the kind boy I aske no red & white to make up my delight, no od becoming



graces, black eyes, or lit-tle know not what's in faces, make me but mad enough, give me good store



of love for her I court, I aske no more, 'tis love in love that makes the sport.

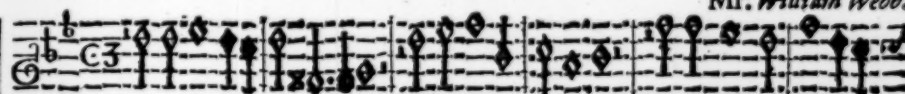
Mr. William Webb.



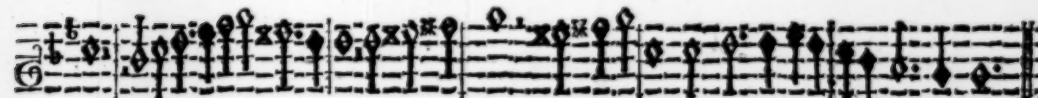
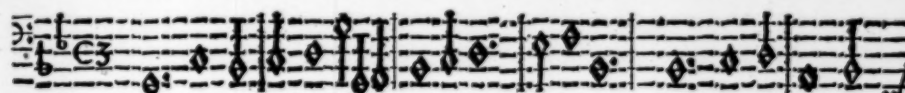
There's no such thing as that, we Beauty call,
It is meer couzenage all;
For though some long ago
Lik't certain colours mingled so and so,
That doth not tie me now from chusing new,
If I a fancy take
Too black and blew,
That fancy doth it Beauty make.

'Tis not the meat, but 'tis the appetise
Makes eating a deligh;
And if I like one dish
More then another, that a Pheasant is:
What in our Matches, may in us be found,
So to the height, and nick
We up be bound,
No matter by what hand or trick.

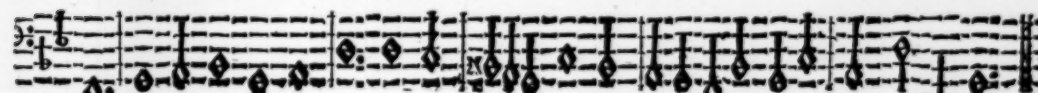
Mr. William Webb.



He that loves me for my self, for affection not bale pelf, ne'r regarding my def-



cent, gesture, feature, but intent, she, on-ly she, she, only she, deserves to be be-lov'd of me.



She that loves me for no end,
But because I am her friend;
Never doubting my desire,
But believ'd it sacred fire:

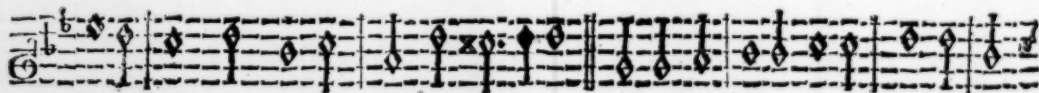
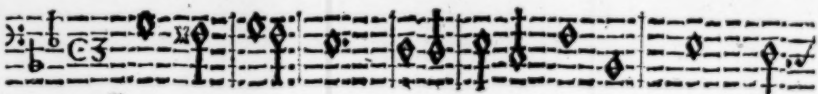
She, only she, deserves to be be-joy'd of me.

She that loves me with resolve
Ne're to alter till dissolve;
Slighting all things, that stern fate
May hereafter seem to threat:

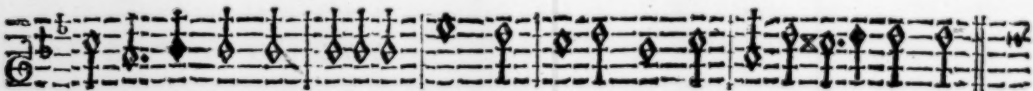
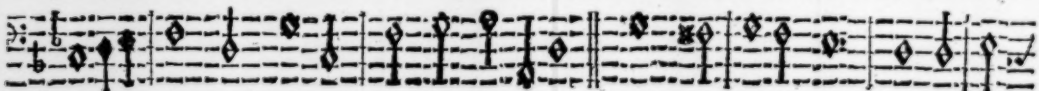
She, only she, deserves to be be-joy'd of me.



Bout the sweet Bag of a Bee, two Cupids fell at ods, and whose the



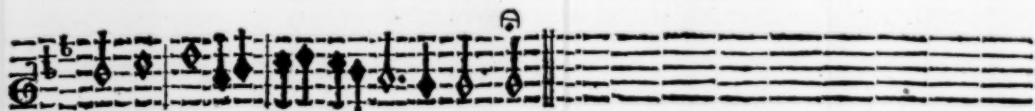
pritty prize should bee, they vow'd to aske the Gods: which *Venus* hearing thither came, and for



their boldness stript them, and taking thence from each his flame, with rods of mirtle whipt them:



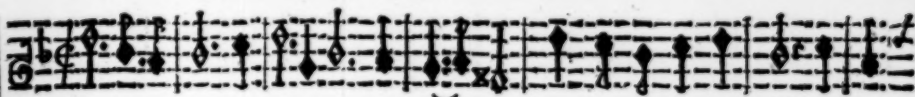
which done to still their wanton cries, & quiet grown sh'ad seen them, she kist and dry'd their



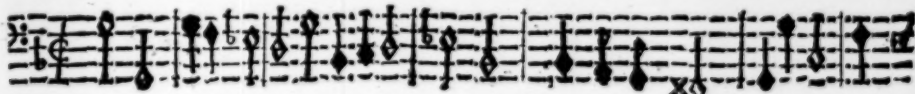
dove-like eyes, and gave the bag between them.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

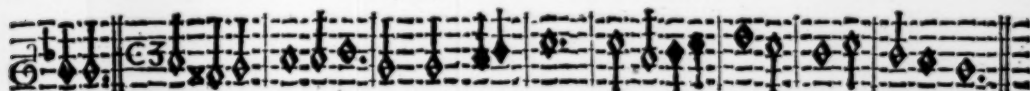
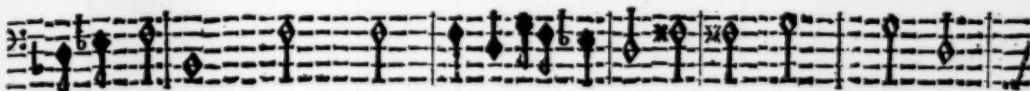




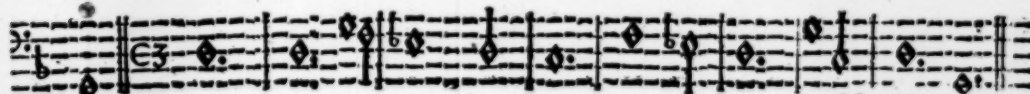
One Lovers all to me & cease your mourning: Love hath no shafts to shoot, no more



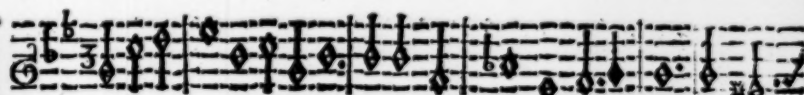
brands burning: He means my pains shal you from pains de-liver, for in my brest ha's emptied all his



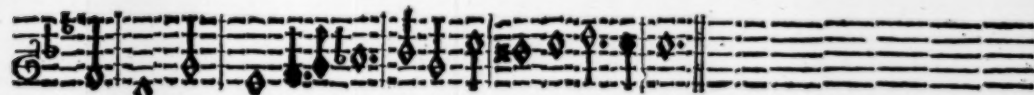
Quiver. Had he not been a child he would have known, ha's lost a thousand servants to kill one.



Mr. Henry Lawes.

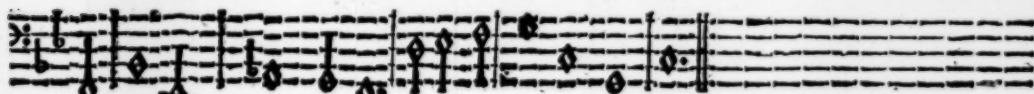


Lover once I did espy, with bleeding heart & weeping eye, he wept



and cry'd, how great's his pain, that lives in love, & loves in vain.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



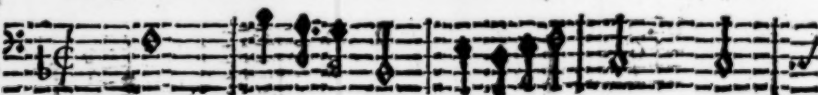
Can there (sayes he) no Cure be found,
But by the hand that gave the wound?
Then let me dye, which I'll indure,
Since she wants Charity to cure.

Yet let her one day feele the pain,
To wish she had cur'd and wish in vain;
For wither'd cheeks may chance recover
Some sparks of love, but not a Lover.

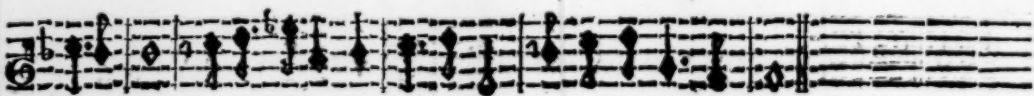
Select Ayres to sing to the Theorbo or Basse Violl.



Beauty and Love once fell at odds, and thus revild each other. Quoth Love,

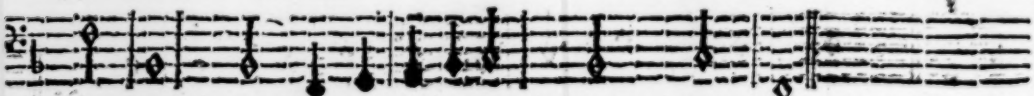


I am one of the Gods, and you wait on my mother, thou hast no pow'r o're man at all, but what I



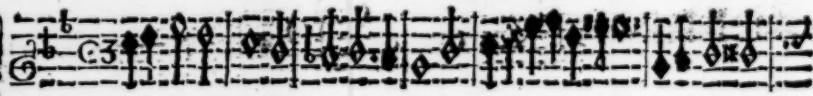
gave to thee; nor art thou longer faire or sweet, then men acknowledge me.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



Away fond boy, then Beauty sayd,
We see that thou art blind,
But men have knowing eyes, and can
My graces better find:
'Twas I begot thee, Mortals know,
And call'd thee blind desire:
I made thy Arrows, and thy Bow,
And wings to kindle fire.

Love here in anger flew away,
And straight to Vulcan pray'd
That he would tip his shafts with scorn,
To punish this proud Mayd:
So Beauty ever since hath bin
But courted for an houre,
To love a day is now a sin
'Gainst Cupid and his power.



Bid me but live, and I will live, thy Vo-ta-ry to be, or bid me



love, and I will give a loving heart to thee.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

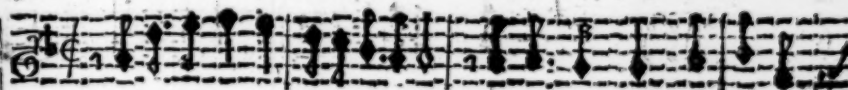


A heart as soft, a heart as kind, a heart as soundly free
As in the world thou canst not find, that heart I'll give to thee:

Bid that heart stay, and it shall stay, and honour thy decree,
Or bid it languish quite away, and it shall do't for thee

Bid me to weep, and I will weep, while I have eyes to see,
Or having none, yet I will keep a heart to weep for thee.

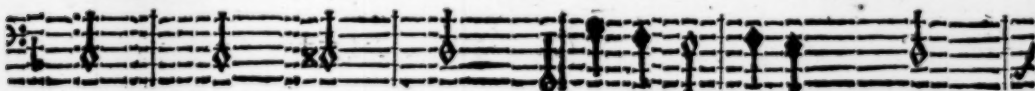
Thou art my love, my life, my heart, the very eye of mee,
And hast command of every part, to live and dye for thee.



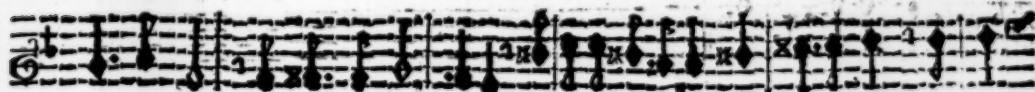
Y all thy Glories willingly I go, yet could have wish'd thee constant



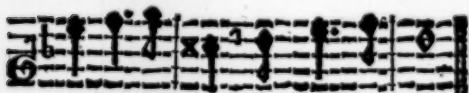
in thy love, but since thou needs must prove uncertain as is thy beauty, or as the glass that shews it



thee, my hopes thus soone to o-verthrow, shows thee more fickle, but my flames by this are easier



quencht then his, whom flattering smiles betray, 'tis tyrannous delay breeds all the harme, and makes



that fire consume, which should but warme.



Mr. Henry Lawes.

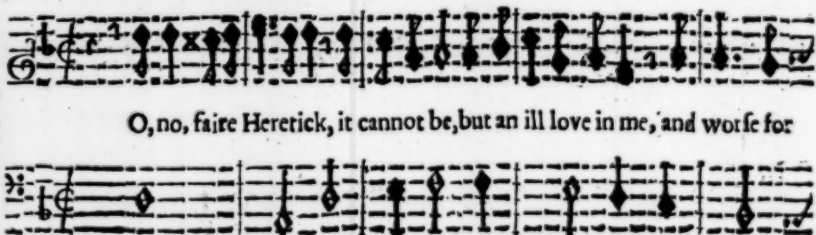
Till time destroy those blossomes of thy youth,
Thou art our Idoll worship, at that rate,

But who can tell thy fate?

And say that when this Beauties done,
This Lovers Torch shall still burn on;
I could have serv'd thee with such truth
Devoutest Pilgrims to their Saints do show,

Departed long ago;
And at this ebbing tyde,
Have us'd thee as a Bride
Who's only true

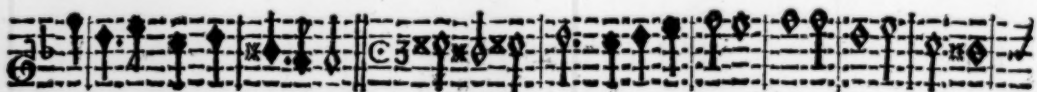
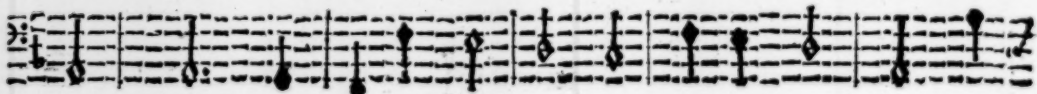
Whilst you are fair, he loves himself, not you;



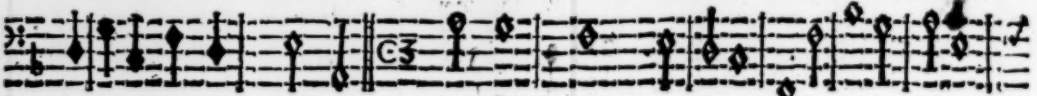
O, no, faire Hererick, it cannot be, but an ill love in me, and worfe for



thee; for were it in my pow'r to love thee now this houre, more then I did the last, 'twould then

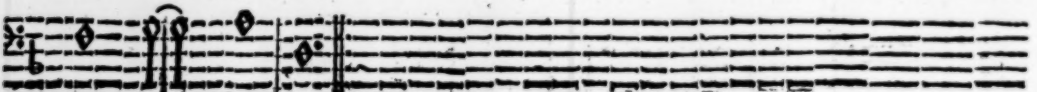


so fall, I might not love at all: Love that can flow and can admit encrease, admits as well an

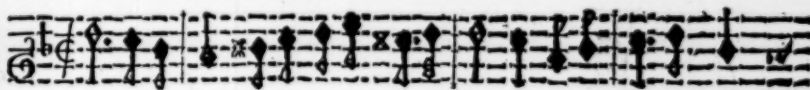


cb, and may grow lesse.

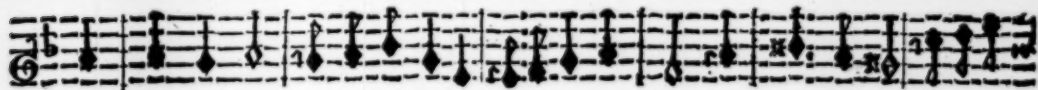
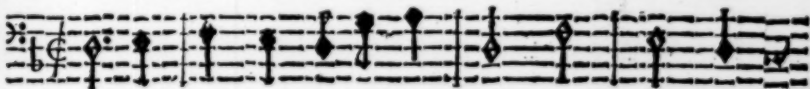
Mr. Henry Lawes.



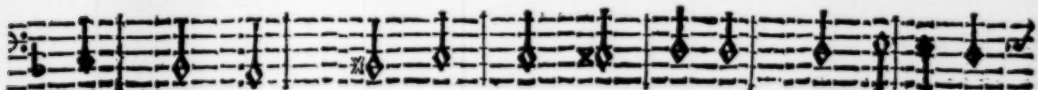
True love is still the same
 The Torrid Zones,
 And those more fringed ones
 It must not know:
 For love grown cold, or hot
 Is lust and friendship, not
 The thing we have, for that's a flame would dye,
 Held down, or up too high;
 Then think I love, more then I can expresse,
 And would know more, could I but love thee lesse,



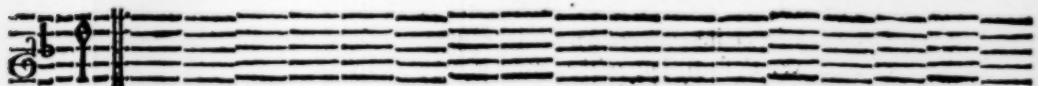
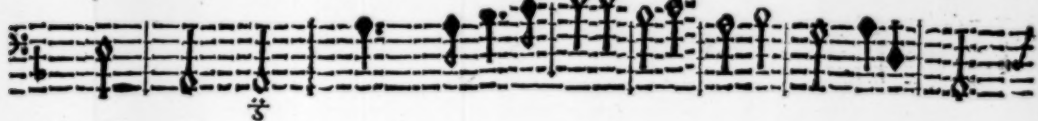
Ell me you wan-dering spirits of the Ayre, did you not see a Nimph



more bright, more faire then beauties darling. or of parts more sweet then stolne content? if such a

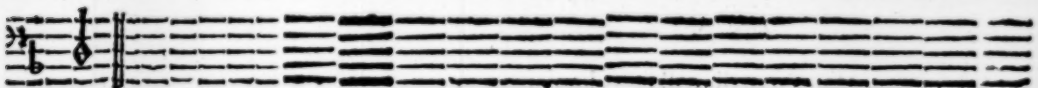


one you meet wait on her houely where so e're she flies, and cry, and cry, *Aminas* for her absence



dies.

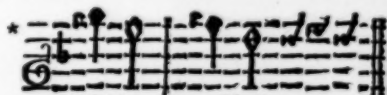
Mr. Henry Lawes.



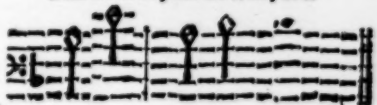
Go search the Vallies, pluck up every Rose,
You'l find a scent, a blush of her in those:
Fish, fish, for Pearle, or Corral, there you'l see
How orientall all her colours bee:

Go call the Ecchoes to your ayde, and cry,
Cloris, Cloris, for that's her name for whom I dy.

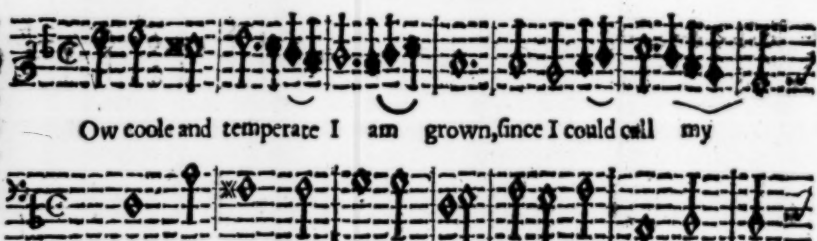
But stay a while, I have inform'd you ill,
Were she on earth, she had been with me still:
Go fly to Heaven, examine every Sphere,
And try what Scar hath lately lighted there;
If any brighter then the Sun you see,
* Fall down, fall down, and worship it, for that is shee.



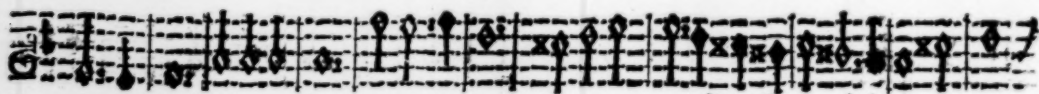
Cloris Cloris
Fall downe, fall downe, &c.



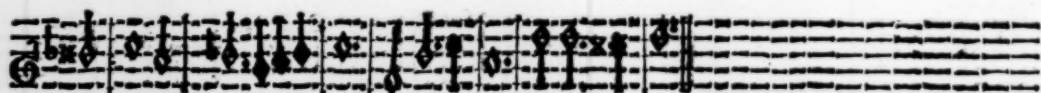
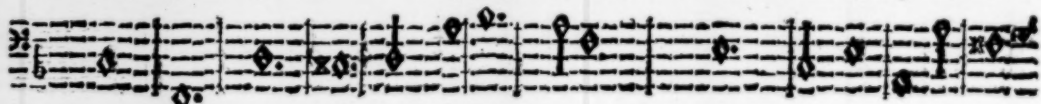
E



Ow coole and temperate I am grown, since I could call my

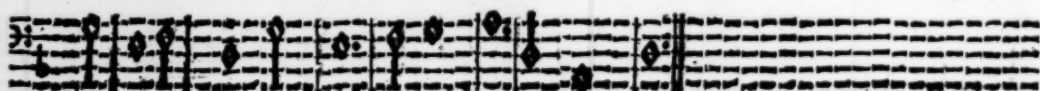


heart my own beauty and I now calmly play, whilst others burn and melt a-way: not all



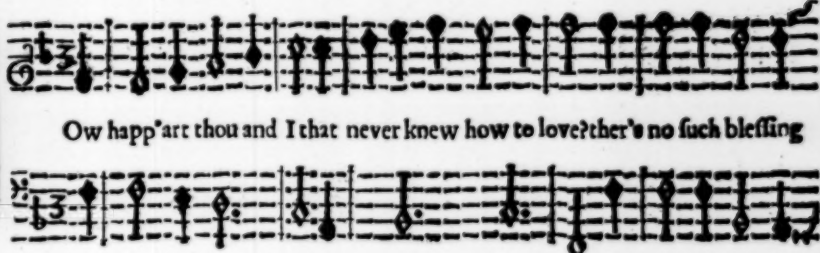
those wanton houres I have spent, can rob me of this new content.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

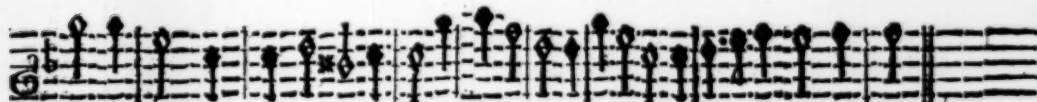


Loves mists are scatter'd from my sight,
 Which flatter'd me with new delight,
 And now I see 'tis but a face
 That stole my heart out of its place:
 Then Love forgive me, I'll no more
 Thine Altars or thy Shrine adore.

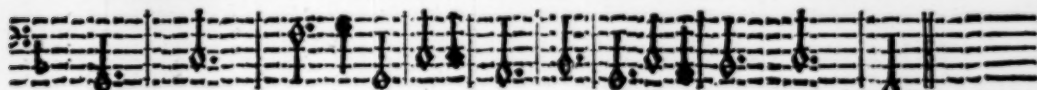
Farewell to all heart-breaking eyes,
 Farewell each look that can surprize,
 Farewell those Curles and amorous spels,
 Farewell each place where Cupid dwels;
 And farewell each bewitching smile,
 I must enjoy my selfe a while.



Ow happ'art thou and I that never knew how to love? ther's no such blessing



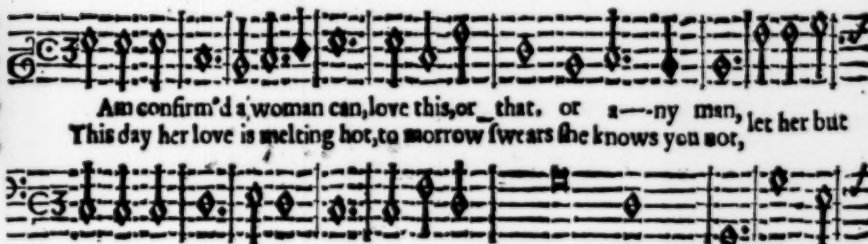
here beneath, what e're there is above; 'tis li-berty, 'tis liberty, that e-very wife man loves.



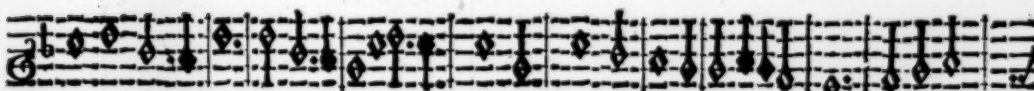
Mr. Henry Lawes.

Out, out upon those eyes, that think to murder mee,
And he's an Ass he believes her fair, that is not kind and free :
Ther's nothing sweet, ther's nothing sweet, to man, but liberty.

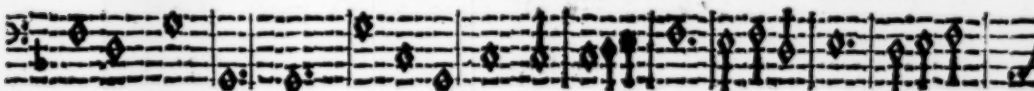
I'll tie my heart to none, nor yet confine mine eyes,
But I will play my game so well, I'll never want a prize :
'Tis liberty, 'tis liberty, ha's made me now thus wise.



Am confirm'd a woman can, love this, or that, or a—ny man, let her but
This day her love is melting hot, to morrow sweats she knows you not,



an new object find, and she is of another mind: then hang me Ladies at your doore, if e're I



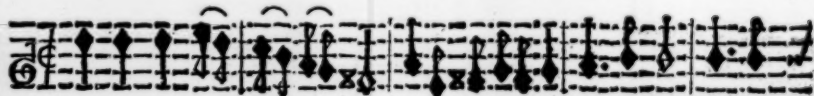
doat up—on you more.



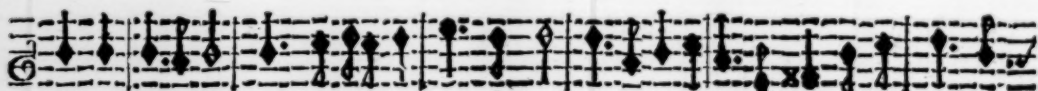
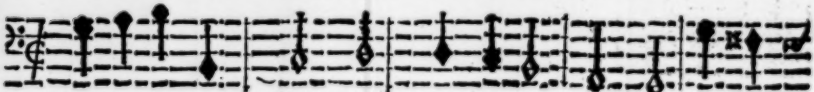
Yet still I'll love the fair one, why?
For nothing but to please mine eyes;
And so the fat and soft skin'd Dame
I'll flatter to appease my flame;
For her that's musically I long,
When I am fad to sing a Song:
But hang me Ladies, &c.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

I'll give my fancy leave to range
Through every face to find out change:
The black, the brown, the fair shall be
But objects of varietie:
I'll court you all to serve my turn,
But with such flames as shal not burn:
For hang me Ladies, &c.



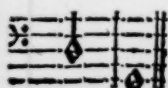
Philis, why should we de-lay, plea-sures shorter then the day, could we,



which we never can stretch our lives beyond three span, beauty like a shadow flies, and our youth be-



fore us dyes.

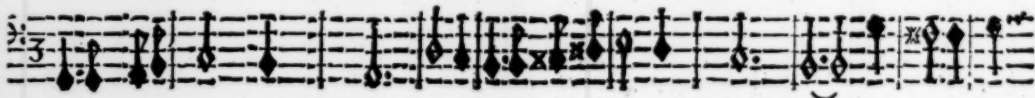


Or would Youth and Beauty stay,
Love ha's wings, and will away;
Love ha's swifter wings then Time,
Change in love too oft do's chime;
Gods that never change their state,
Very oft their love and hate.

Philis, to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us now;
Let not you and I require
What ha's been our past desire;
On what Shepheards you have smil'd,
Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd.

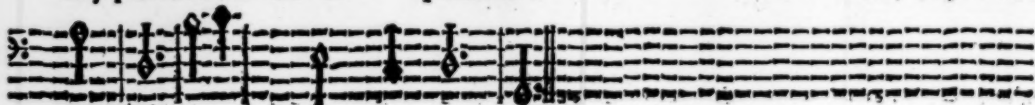


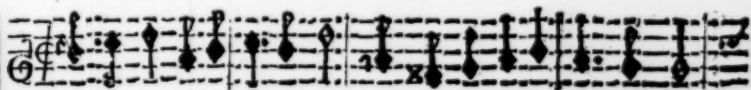
Leave it to the Planets two, what we shall here-after doe, for the joy we now



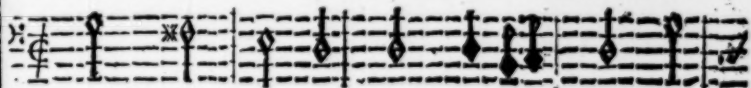
may prove, take ad-vice of present love.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

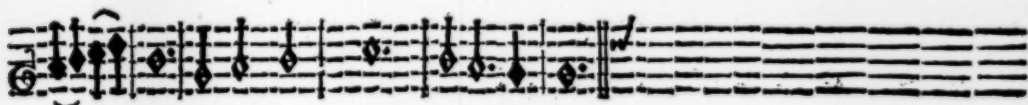




F the quick spirit of your eye, now languish and a—non must dye,



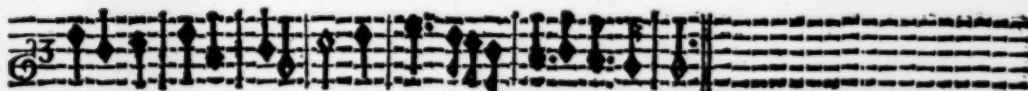
if every sweet and every grace must flye from that for-sa-ken face. Then *Celia* let us reap



our joyes, e're time such good—ly fruit destroyes.



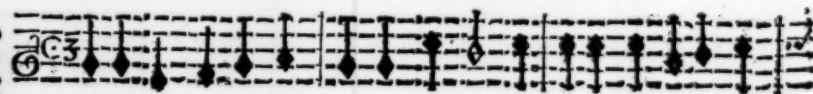
Or if that Golden Fleece must grow, for ever free from aged Snow,
If those bright Suns must know no shade, nor your fresh Beauty ever fade;
Then *Celia* feare not to bestow,
What still being gather'd, still must grow.



Thus either time his fickle brings in vaine, or else in vain his wings.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

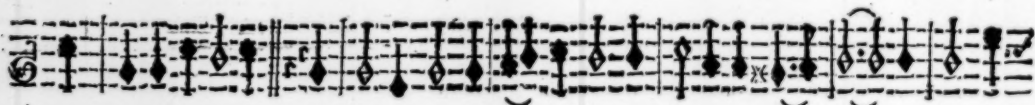
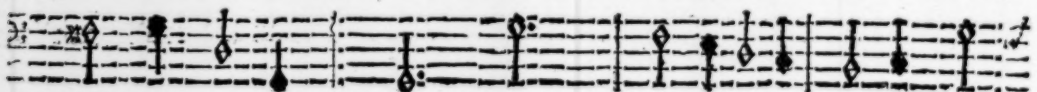




Little love serves my turn, 'tis so en-flaming, rather then I will burn,
Beauty shall court it selfe, 'tis not worth speaking, Ile no more Amo-rous

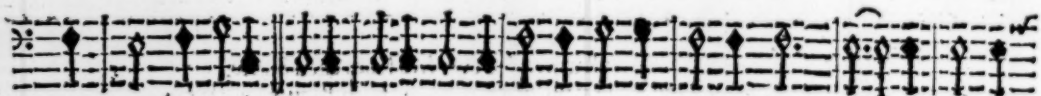


I will leave ga—ming, for when I think upon'r, O'tis so painfull, 'cause Ladies have a
pangs, no more heart-breaking: those that ne'r felt the smart, let them go try it, I have redeem'd my



trick, to be disdainfull.
heart, now I de-fie it.

No more, no more, I must give o're, for beauty is so sweet, it makes me



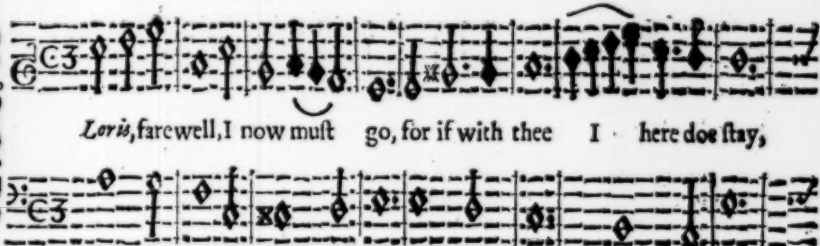
pine, distracts my mind, & surfeit when I see't. Forgive me love if I remove in—to some o-



-ther sphear, where I may keep a flock of sheep, & know no o-ther care.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

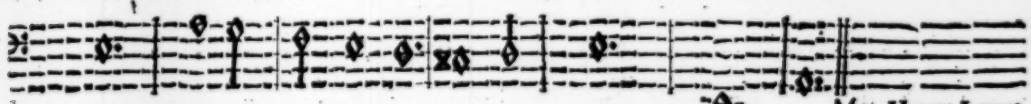




Cloris, farewell, I now must go, for if with thee I here doe stay,



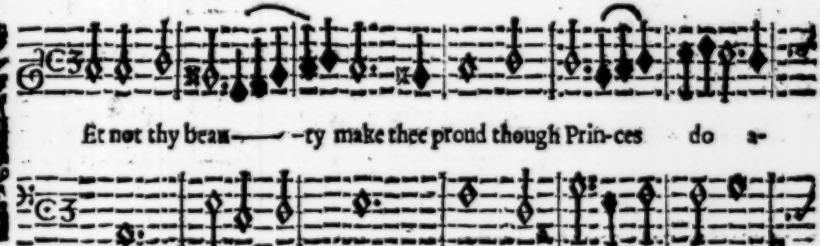
thine eyes prevaile up—on me so, I shal grow blind and lose my way.



Mr. Henry Lawes.

Fame of thy Beauty, and thy Youth
Amongst the rest me hither brought,
Finding this fame full short of truth,
Made me stay longer then I thought.
For I'm engag'd by word and oath
A servant to anothers will;
Yet for thy love would forfeit both,
Could I be sure to keep it still.
But what assurance can I take,
When thou fore-knowing this abuse,
For some more worthy Lovers sake,
May'st leave me with so just excuse.

For thou may'st say 'twas not thy fault
That thou didst thus unconstant prove;
Thou wert by my example taught
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.
No *Cloris*, no, I will return,
And raise thy story to that height,
That strangers shall at distance burn,
And she distrust me Reprobate.
Then shall my love this doubt displace,
And gain such trust, that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face,
But make my constant meales at home.

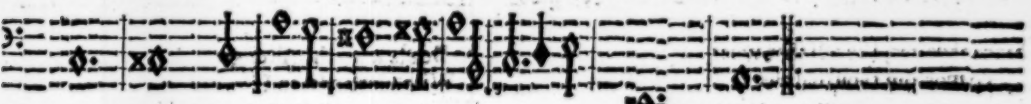


Let not thy bea—ry make thee proud though Prin—ces do a—



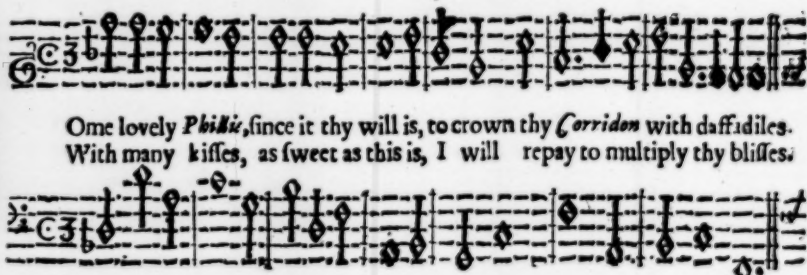
dore thee, since time and sickness were allow'd to know such flowers before thee.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

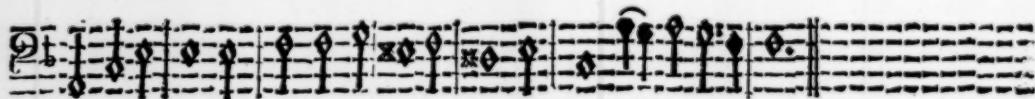


Nor be not shy to that degree,
Thy friends may hardly know thee,
Nor yet so coming or so free,
That every fly may blow thee.
A Rare in every Princely brow,
As decent is requir'd
Much more in thine, to whom they bow
By Beauties lightnings fir'd.

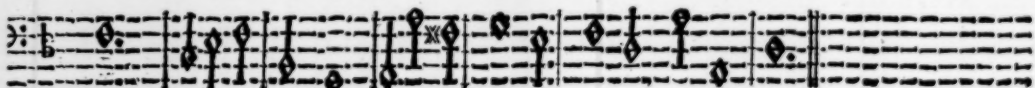
And yet a state so sweetly mixt
With an attractive mildness;
It may like *Verue* sit betwixt
The extremes of pride and vileness.
Then every eye that sees thy face
Will in thy Beauty glory,
And every tongue that wags will grace
Thy virtue with a story.



Ome lovely *Philis*, since it thy will is, to crown thy *Corridon* with daffadiles.
With many kisses, as sweet as this is, I will repay to multiply thy blisses.

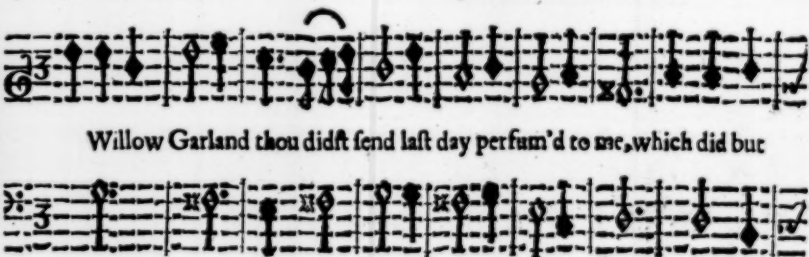


Here I will hold thee, and thus enfold thee, free from harms within these arms. *Mr. Henry Lawes.*

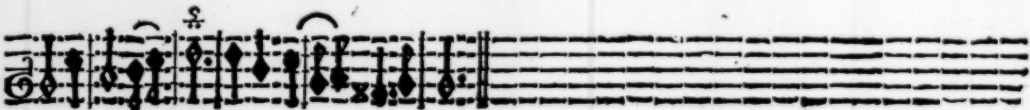


Sweet, still be smiling, 'tis sweet beguiling
Of tedious houres and sorrows best exiling;
For if you lowre, the bankes no power
Will have to bring forth any pleasant flower;
Your eyes not granting
Their raies enchanting,
Mine may raine, but 'twere in vaine.

Thine eyes may wonder, that mine asunder
Do from the Sun-shine draw thine to sit under;
Hold me unblam'd, to be enflam'd,
Where not to be so, youth were rather sham'd:
Since that the oldest
That thou beholdest
May feeble fire of loves desire.



Willow Garland thou didst send last day perfum'd to me, which did but



only this portend, I was for--sooke of thee.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

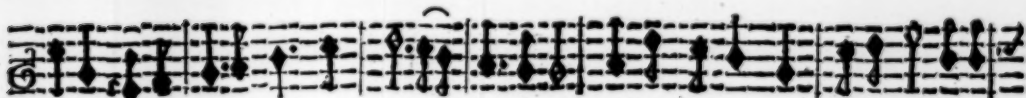
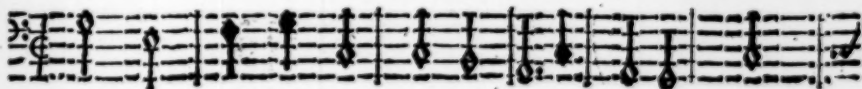


Since thus it is, I'll tell thee what,
To morrow thou shalt see
Me weare the Willow, after that
To dye upon the tree.

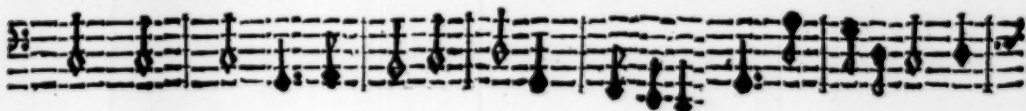
As Beasts unto the Alter go
With Garlands, so I
Will with my Willow wreath also
Come forth, and sweetly dye.



Adies fly from loves smooth tale, oaths steep't in tears do oft prevaile, grieve is in-



fectious, and the ayre inflam'd with sighs will blast the fair, then stop your ears when Lovers cry, lest your



selves weep when no lost eye shal with a sorrowing tear repay that pity which you cast away.



Mr. Henry Lawes.



Midst the Mirtles as I walk, love & my sighs thus enter talk, tell me said



I, in deep distresse, where I may finde my shepheardeste.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



Then Foole sayd Love know'st thou not this,
In every thing that's good she is,
In yonder Tulip go and seek,
There thou shalt find her lip and cheek.

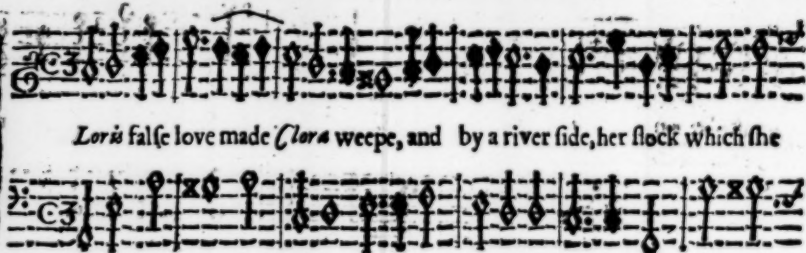
In that inamel'd Fancy by,
There shalt thou find her curious eye
In bloom of Peach, in Roses bud
There wave the streams of her bloud.

'Tis true sayd I, and thereupon,
And went and pluckt them one by one
To make a part a union,
But on a suddain all was gone.

At which I stop; sayd Love, these bee
Fond man resemblances of thee;
For as these Flowers thy Joy must dye
Even in the turning of an eye.

And all thy hopes of her must wither,
As do those flowers when knit together;

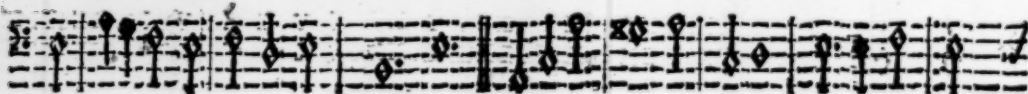
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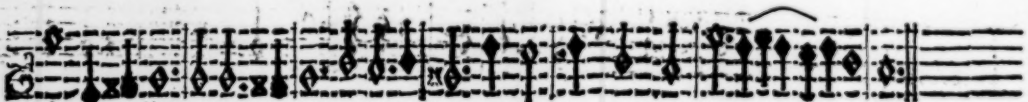
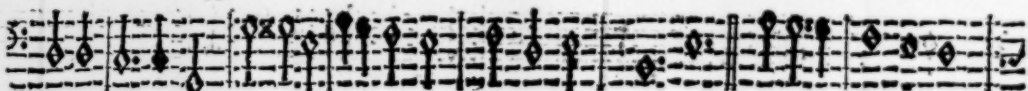
Loris false love made *Clara* weepe, and by a river side, her flock which she



was wont to keepe, neglecting thus she cry'd: Is't not In-just-ice, O ye Gods l'to kin-dle



my desire, and to leave his at so much odds, as there's no muttall fire. Poore victo-ry, to pierce a



heart, that was a ten-der one but cowardise to spare your dart from his that was a stone.



Doctour wilson.

As she thus mourn'd, the tears that fell
Down from her love-sick eyes,
Did in the water drop and swell,
And into bubbles rise.

Wherein her bloubard face appears,
Now out alas, sayd she,
How do I melt away in tears
For him that loves not me.

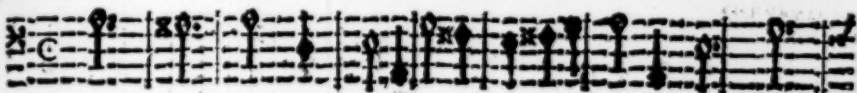
Yet as I lessen multiply,
But in lesse form appears,
Thus do I languish from mine,
And grow new in my tears.

Break not that Christall, circles me
Sweet streams by your fair side,
My Love perhaps may walking be,
And I may be esp'd.

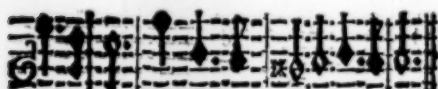
And thus in little drawn and drest
In sad tears attire,
May force such passions from his brest,
Shall equall my desire.



Love a Lasse, but cannot show it, I keep a fire that burns with-in rack't up in



em-bers; Ah could she know it, I might perhaps be lov'd a-gain: For a true love may



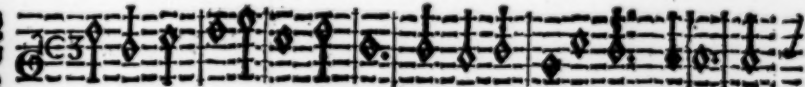
justly call for friendship love recipocall.



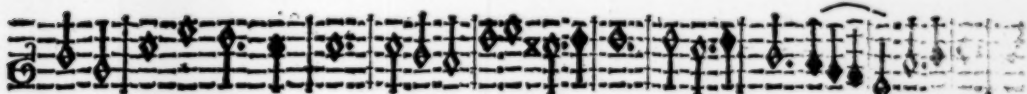
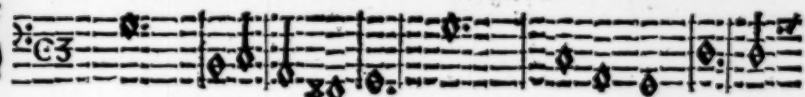
Dr. Wilson.

Some gentle courteous winds berry me,
A sigh by whispering in her eares,
Or let some pious shower convey me,
By dropping on her breast a tear,
Oftwo, or more, the hardest dint,
By often drops receives a dint.

Shall I then vex my heart and rend it,
That is already too too weak? I
No, no, they say, Lovers may send it,
By writing what they cannot speake;
Go then my Mule, and let this Verse
Bring back my Life, or else my Heart.



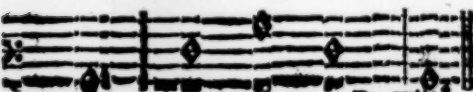
Er't thou more fairer then thou art, which lies not in the power of art, or



hadst thou in thine eyes more darts, then ever Cupid shot at hearts, yet if they were not shot at me,



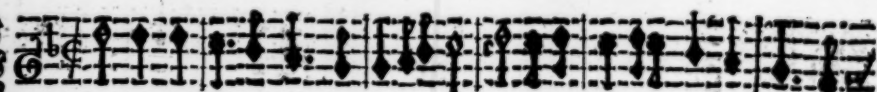
I should not cast a thought on thee.



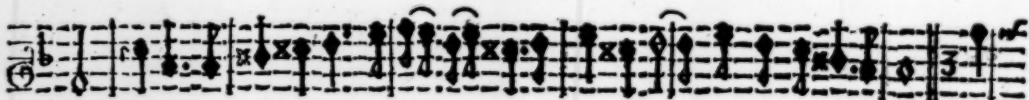
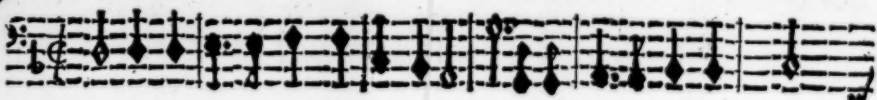
Dr. Wilson.

I'd rather marry a disease,
Then court the thing I cannot please;
She that would cherish my desires
Must court my flames with equal fires:
What pleasure is there in a kiss
To him that doubts the heart's not his?

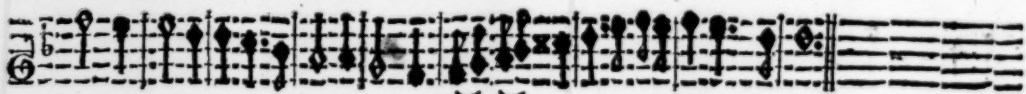
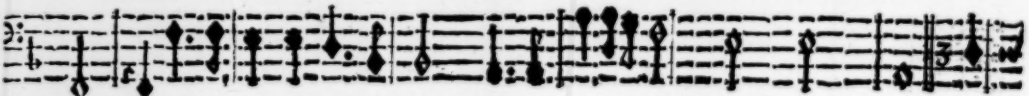
I love thee not because thou art faire,
Soleen then downe, in poezy then ayre;
Not for the Cupids that lye
In eiber corner of thine eye:
Would you then know what it might be?
'Tis I love you, 'cause you love me.



Ain would I *Cloris* whom my heart adores, longer a while between thine arms re-



main, but loe the jealous morn her Ro-sie doors to spight me op's & brings the day a-gain. Fare-



well, farewell, *Cloris*, 'tis time I di'd, the night de-parts, yet still my woes a-bide.

Dr. Wilson.



Hence tauey searing Candle of the skie,
Let us alone, we have no need of thee:
Our eyes are ever day, where *Cloris* eyes
Shine, that a paire of brighter Tapers bee.
Farewell, farewell, &c.

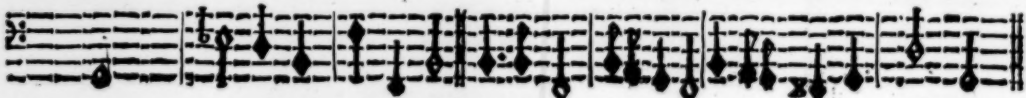
O night! whose sable vail was wont to be
More friend to Lovers, then the noisettull day:
Wherefore, O wherefore do'st thou fly from me,
And carry with thee all my joyes away?
Farewell, farewell, &c.



Ake, O take those lips a — way, that so sweetly were forsworn, & those eyes that

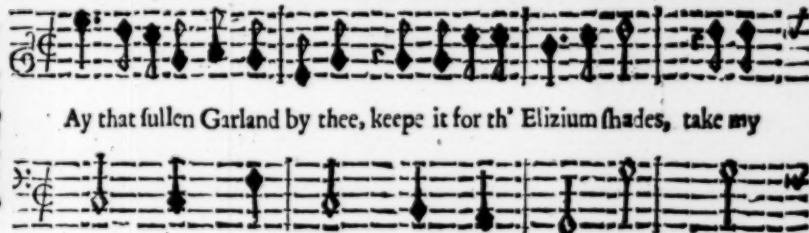


break of days, light that do mislead the morn, but my kisses bring again seals of love though seals in vain.

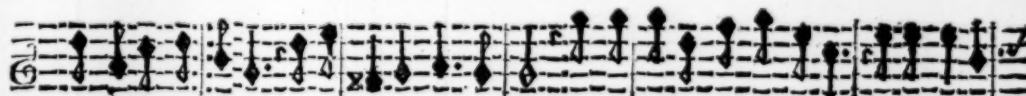


Hide, O hide those Hills of Snow
That thy frozen Blossome beares;
On whose tops the Pinks that grow,
Are yet of those that April weares;
But first set my poore heart free,
Bound in those Icy Chaines by thee.

Dr. Wilson.



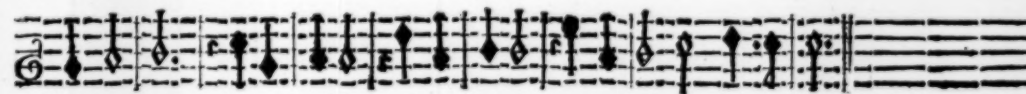
Ay that fullen Garland by thee, keepe it for th' Elizium shades, take my



wreath of lusty I-vy not of that faint Mirtle, made when I see thy soule descending, to that cold un-



fertile plain, of sad fools the lake attending, thou shalt weare this Crown a-gain. Now drink wine &



know the ods 'twixt that *Lesbe*, 'twixt that *Lesbe*, 'twixt that *Lesbe*, and the Gods.



Mr. John Taylor.

Rouse thy dull and drowfie spirits,
Here's the soule reviving streams,
The stupid Lovers brain inherits
Nought but vain and empty dreams.

Thinke not then these dismall trances,
Which our raptures can content,
The Lad that laughs, sings and dances,
Shall come soonest to his end.

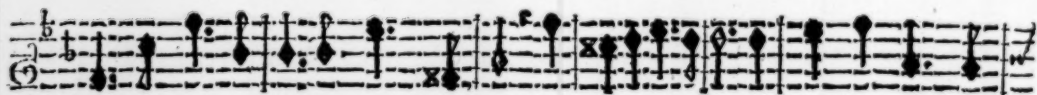
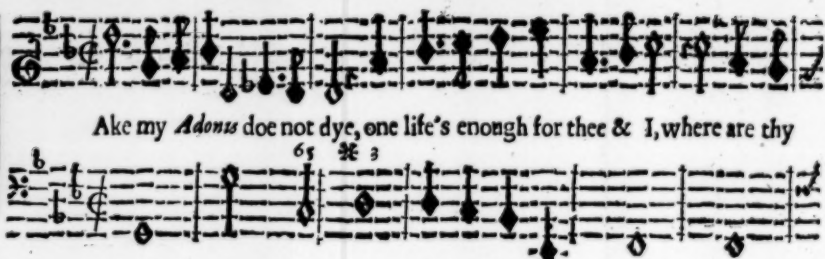
Cho. Sadnesse may some pity move,
Mirth and courage, mirth and courage;
Mirth and courage conquers love.

Fy then on that cloudy fore-head,
Ope thou vainly crossed armes;
Thou mayst as well call back the buried
As raise love by such like charmes.

Sacrifice a glasse of Clarret
To each letter of her name;
Gods have oft discended for it,
Mortals must do more the same.

If she comes not at that flood,
Sleep will come, sleep will come,
Sleep will come, and that's as good.

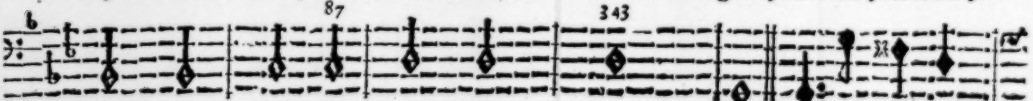
H



looks, thy wiles, thy fears, thy frowns, thy smiles, a—las in va'n I call, one death hath snatcht them



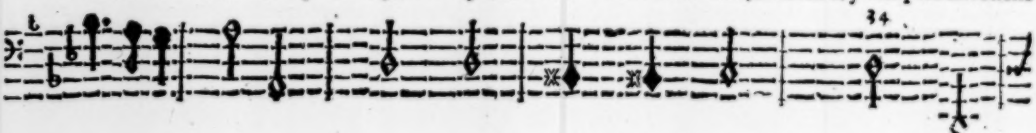
all, yet death's not deadly in that face, death in those looks it self hath grace; 'twas this, 'twas this, I



fear'd, when thy pale Ghost appear'd, this I presag'd, when thou ——— de-ring *Love*



tore the best Mirtile in my Grove, when my sick rose buds lost their smel, & from my temples untoucht

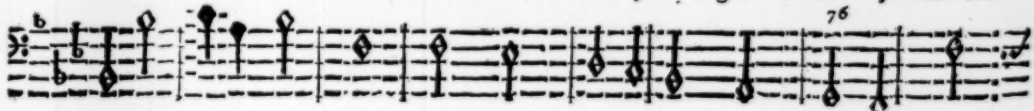


fell, and 'twas for some such thing, my Dove first hung her wing. Whither art thou my Deity gone?

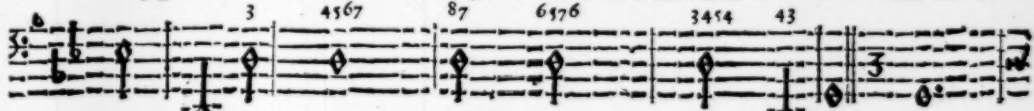




Venus in *Venus* there is none: in vaine a Goddess now am I, only to grieve & not to dye: but I will

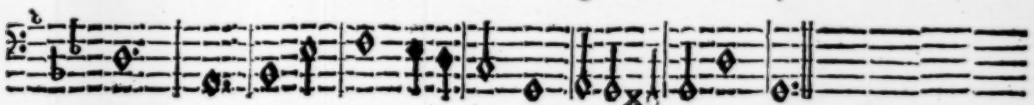


love my griefe. make tears my tears reliefe, & sorrow shall to me a new *Adonis* be: And this the

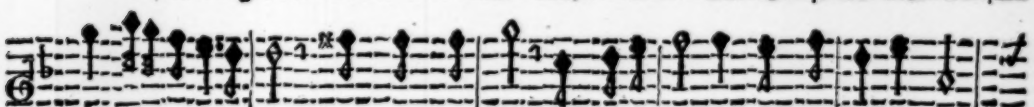


fates shan't rob me of whilst I a Goddess am to grieve, and not to dye.

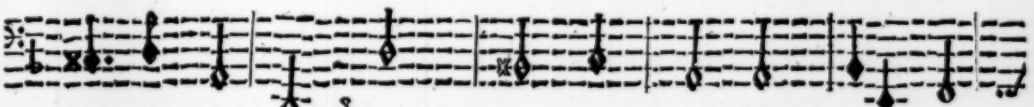
Dr. Colman.



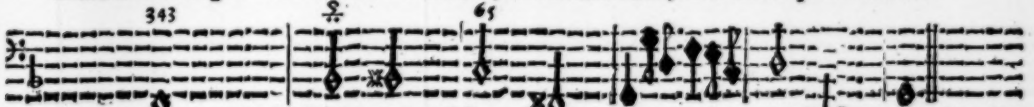
Tay, stay, O stay, that heart I vow 'tis mine, ravish'd from hence by her whos parts divine,



words cannot fully speake, now seekes her cure, whose on-ly No, sent from her lips most pure,



makes it thus range from me, woes me that No, lost me that heart, and fills its place with wo.



O hold it fast, I come, yet let it fly,
I cannot move, 'tis pity both should dy;
Perhaps she may relent, and with one yes
Gives us a second life, treble our blisse:
If not, farewell my heart, I've pleas'd my eyes,
Since thou art lost, loes thee her sacrifice.

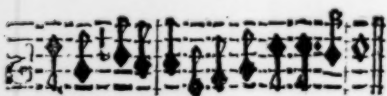
Dr. Colman.



Hange Platonicks, change for shame, get your selves another name. This is but a thin dif-



guise, and betray'd to common eyes: Dim and purblind though they be, your Philoso-phy they see is but



Lay Hypocrisie, & a kind of Heresie.



Plato ne'r slow'd a k'ffe,
Nor the like fantaslick blisse,
All the day sit and Co' Gull
With Sir Amorous La Foole
Ne'r drem't of that delight
Which a Ball presents at night
To apt you to what follows next,
Only you corrupt the Text.

Yet must Plato justifie
All your wanton vanitie,
When indeed the truth to say,
'Tis opinion that doth sw: y,
Is a mean Court Frillery,
You ad but yet most formerly
What your Sex was wont to do
Many hundred years ago.

Dr. Colman.



Hen *Celia* I intend to flatter you, and tell you lies to make you true, I



I swear ther's none so faire, ther's none so faire, and you believe it too.

Dr. Colman.

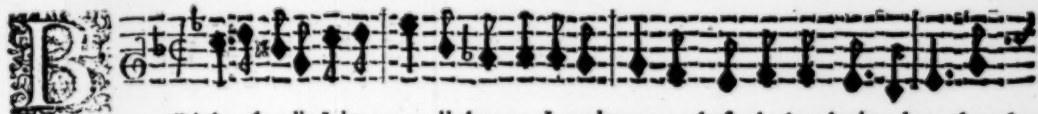


Ofte have I matcht you with the Rose, and said
No twins so like bath nature made,
But 'tis
Only in this, ☹
You prick my hand and fade.

When I praise your skin I quote the wooll
That Silk-worms from their Entrails pull
And show
That new fallen snow, ☹
Is not more beautifull.

Ofte have I sayd there is no precious stone
But may be found in you alone;
Though I
No stone espy, ☹
Unlesse your heart be one,

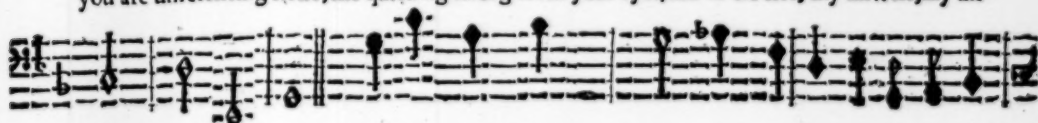
Yet grow not proud by such Hyperboles
Were you as excellent as these
Whilst I
Before you ly, ☹
They might be had with ease.



Right *Aurelia*, I doe owe, all the woe I can know, to those glorious looks a-lone, though



you are unrelenting stone, the quick lightning from your eyes, did fa-cri-fice, my unwise, my un-



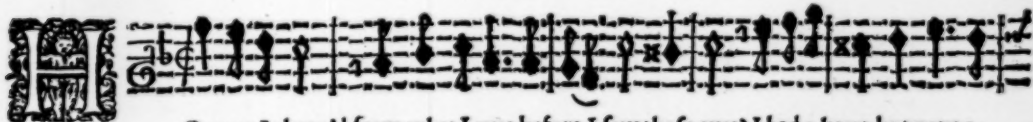
wary, harmles heart, and now you glory in my smart.



How unjustly you do blame
That pure flame,
From you came,
Vext with what your selfe made burn,
Your scorn to tender did it turn.

The least sparke now love can call,
That does fall
On the small,
Scorcht remainder of my heart,
Will make it burn in every part.

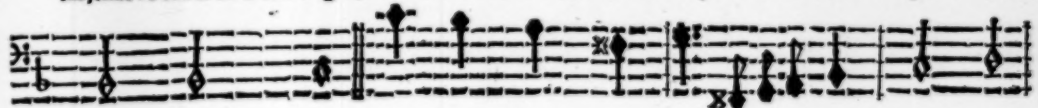
Dr. Char. Colman.



Ow am I chang'd from what I was before I saw those eyes? I had a heart, but now a-



las, that room is fil'd with sighs; for she that rob'd me, would not stay to let me ask her why she stol't or



beg, she'd find some way this theft with hers t'supply.



Thus am I left to court my griefe,
For when she's out of sight,
There can on earth be no reliefe,
Or ought that's true delight.

I'll therefore on some River side,
Wander to breath my woe,
And ask those Nymphs how *Hym* dr'd,
That I might do so too.

Dr. Colman.



Ever perswade me to't, I vow I live not, how canst thou expect a life in me,



since my soule is fled to thee. You suppose because I walk, & you think talk, I therefore breath, alas you



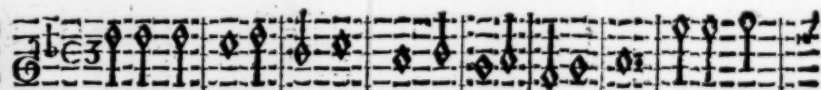
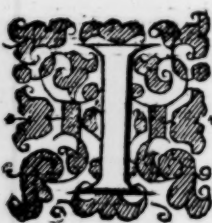
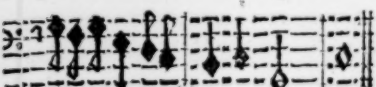
You may argue I have hear,
My pulses beat,
My sighs have in them living fire,
And my eyes sparke with desire.



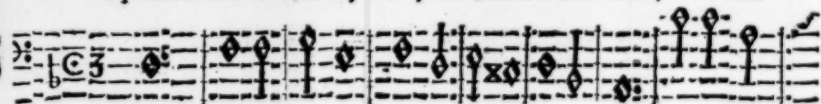
know shades as well as men do fo.

Grant your argument be truth, *
Such heats my youth
E: flame, as poyson do only prepare
To make death their follower.
Dr. Colman.

* Truth, such heats my youth en-



I prethee send me back my heart, since I cannot have thine, for if from



yours you will not part, why then should you keep mine?



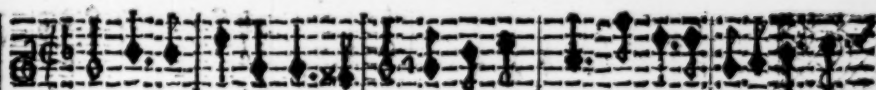
Yet now I think on't let it lye
To send it me were vaine,
For th'hast a thiefe in either eye
Will steale it back againe.

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot finde it our;
For when I think I'm best resolv'd,
I then am most in doubt.

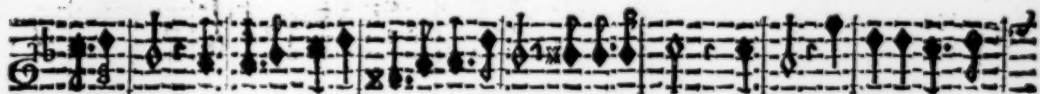
Why should two hearts in one brek ly,
And yet not lodge together?
O Love! where is thy sympathy,
If thus our hearts thou sever?

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine,
But I'll believe I have her heart,
As much as she hath mine.

J. Lawes



Ring back my comfort and return, for well thou know'st that I in such a vigorous



passion burn, that missing thee I dye : return, return, insult no more, return, return, and me re-



-store to those sequestred joys I had before.

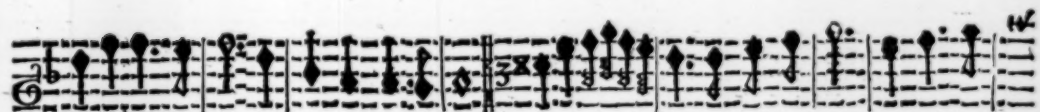


Absence in most, that quenches love,
And cooles their warm desire ;
The ardor of my heat improves,
And makes the flame aspire :
The maxim therefore I deny,
And term it though a tyranny,
The Nurse to Faith, to Love, to Constancy.

Edward Colman.



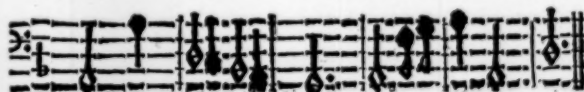
Hy dearest should you weep, when I relate the story of my woe? let not the swarthy



mist of my black fate o'recast thy beauty so : For each rich pearle lost on that score adds to mis-

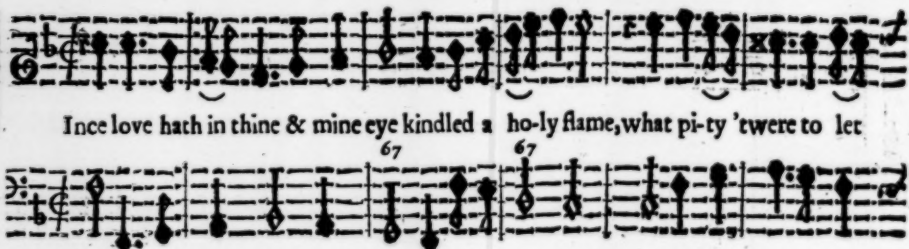


chance and wounds, and wounds your servant more.

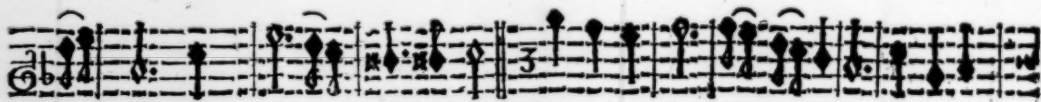


Quench not those stars that to thy bliss should guide ;
O stay that precious vessel
Nor let these drops upon my deluge tyde
To drown thy beauty there,
That cloud of sorrow makes it night,
You lose your Luster, but the World its Light.

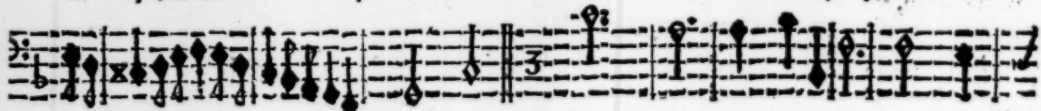
Edward Colman.



Ince love hath in thine & mine eye kindled a ho-ly flame, what pi-ty 'twere to let



it dye, what sin to quench the same. The stars that seem ex-tinct by day, disclose their



flames at night, & in a fable sence convey their loves in beams of light.

Dr. Wilson.



So when the jealous eye a d care
Are shut or turn'd aside,
Our tongues, our eyes, may talk fans fear
Of being heard or spi'd.

What though our bodies cannot meet
Loves jewels more divine,
The fixt stars by their twinkling greet,
And yet they never joyne?

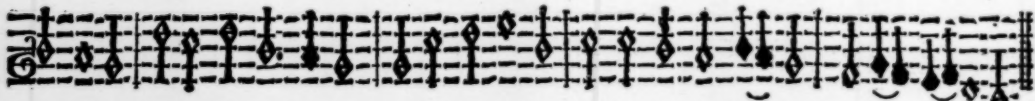
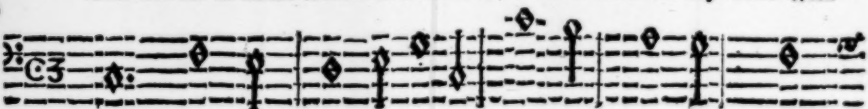
Falle Meteors that do change their place,
Though they shine fair and bright;
Yet when they covet to embrace,
Fall down and lose their light.

If thou perceive thy flame decay,
Come light thine eyes at mine,
And when I feele mine wast away
I'll take new fire from thine.

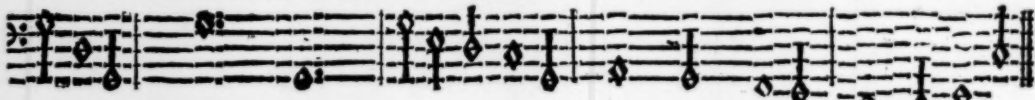
Thus while we shall preserve from waste
The flame of our desire,
No Vestall shall maintain more chaste,
Or more immortal fire.



Can love for an houre when I'm at leasure, he that loves halfe a day foolcs with-

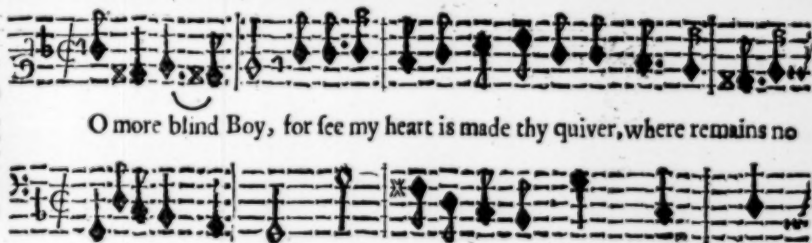


out measure: *Cupid* then tell me what art had thy mother, to make men love one face more then an-other?



Some to be thought more wise dayly endeavour
To make the World believe they can live for ever:
Ladies believe them nor, they'll but deceive you,
For when they have their ends, then they will leave you:

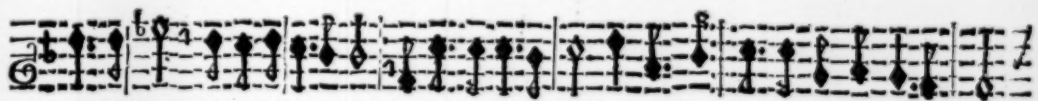
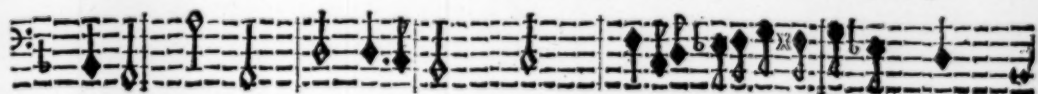
Men cannot tyre themselves on your sweet features,
They'll have variety of loving Creatures:
Too much of any thing sets them a cooling,
Though they can never do't, yet they'll be fooling.



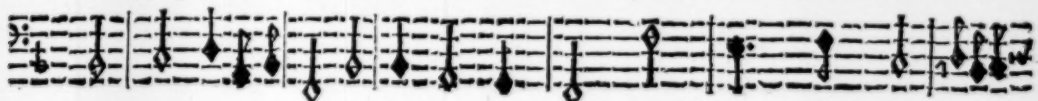
O more blind Boy, for see my heart is made thy quiver, where remains no



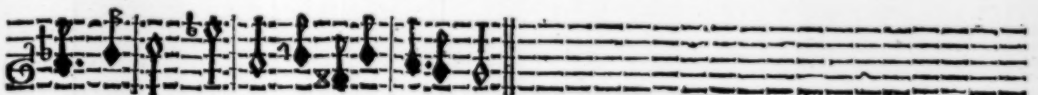
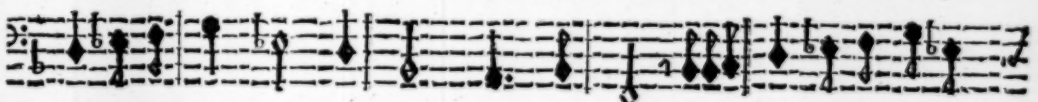
voyd place for an-other dart; and a-las that conquest gaines small prayse, that on-ly brings a-



-way a tame and un-refusing pray: behold a noble Foe all arm'd, desires thy weake Ar-til-le-ry,

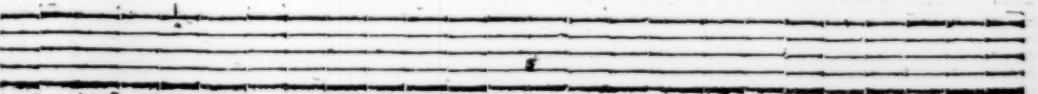
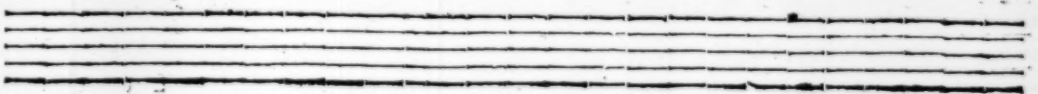


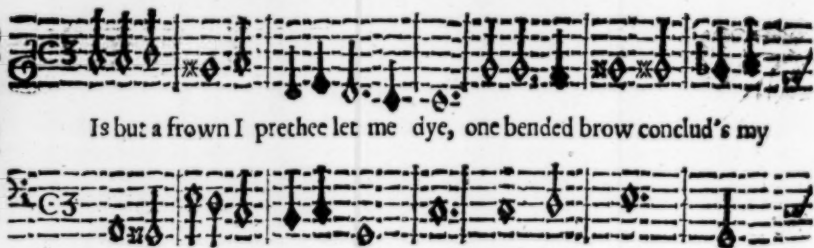
that hath thy bow and quiver charm'd, a Rebell Beauty conqu'ring thee, if thou dar'st e-quall



combate try, wound her, for 'tis for her I dye.

Mr. Jeremy Savill.

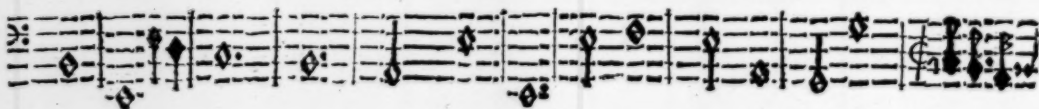




Is but a frown I prethee let me dye, one bended brow conclud's my



Tra-ge-dy: For all my love I aske but this of thee, thou wilt not be too long a killing me;



for if thou lov'st not, what avails thy smiles which only warms a bowl of snow, the whilst it receiv'd com-

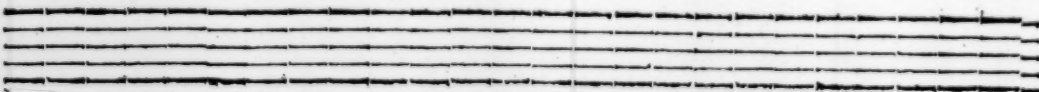
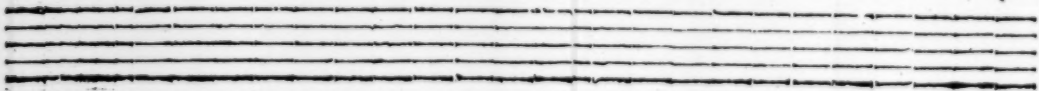


fort from thine eyes, that selfe same comfort melts away and dies? so in the end thy frowns and



smiles are one, and differ but in ex-e-cu-ti-on.

Mr. Jeremy Savill.

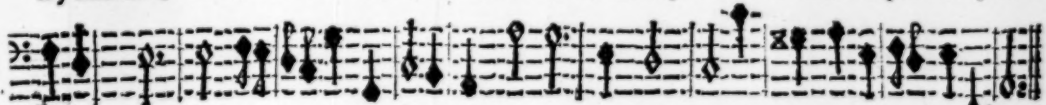




will not trust thy tempting graces, nor thy deceitful charms, nor pris'ner be to



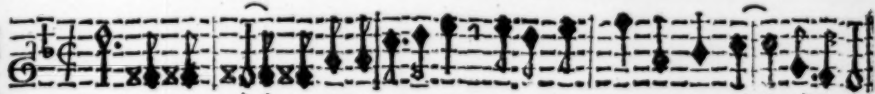
thy imbraces, or fet-ter'd in thine arms: No *Celia*, no not all thy art can wound or captivate my heart



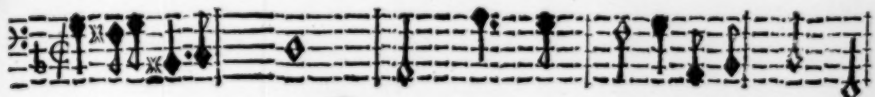
I will not gaze upon thine eye,
Nor watten with thy haire,
Lest those should burn me by surprize,
Or these my soules snare;
Nor with those smiling dangers play,
Or foole my liberty away.

Since then my weary heart is free,
And unconfin'd as thine;
If thou wouldst mine should captive bee,
Thou must thine own resign;
And Gratitude shall thus move more
Then Love or Beauty could before.

Mr. *Jeremy Savill*.



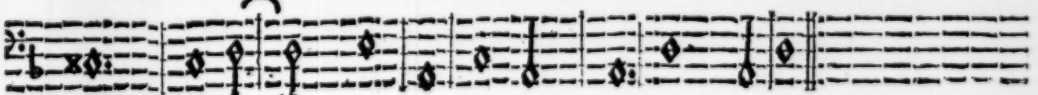
Ell not I dye, or that I live by thee, & as thou points my doom, so it must be:



Or that my life didst thou but leave to love, would like a long disease, as weary prove: Since he whose



mind is proof a-gaint his fate, makes himself happy at the worst estate. Mr. *Tho. Brewer*.



'Tis vanity for a man to build his blisse
On the frail favour of a womans kisse,
And most unmanly to enthrall his eye,
When Heaven and Nature gives it liberty:
Since Womens Fancies with their Fashions change,
To love for fashion to each face that's strange.

I know the humour of your Sex is such,
You ne'r could value any one thing much;
For should thy breast with constant flames be fir'd,
'I were more then I expected, although desir'd:
Then think me not so fond, although I love,
But as thou steers't thy course, so mine shall move.

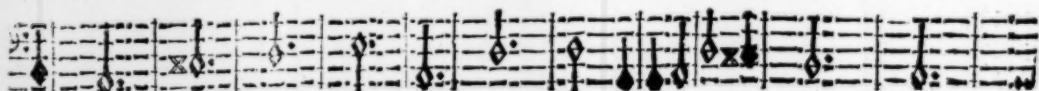
He that hath wealth, and can that wealth for-goe,
Is his own man, nor slave to any woe,
Thus arm'd with resolution, I am free,
Stillo'rrecommender of my destinie:
Yet know I love, though I can leave the state,
He best knows how to love, knows how to hate.



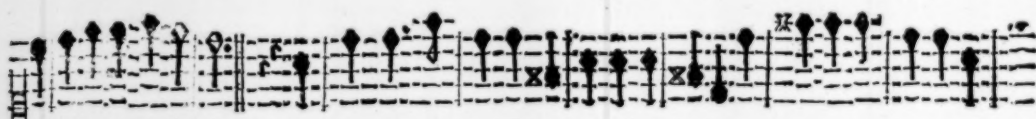
Floria victoria victoria victori il miocore non Lagrimar piu non Lagri-



mar piu e' s'colta d'amore la servi—tu victoria victoria il miocore non Lagrimar piu e



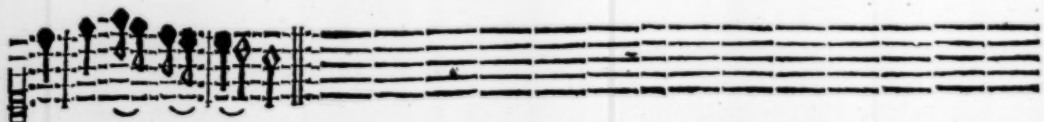
scol-ta da—mo-re la servitu e' s'col ————— tu



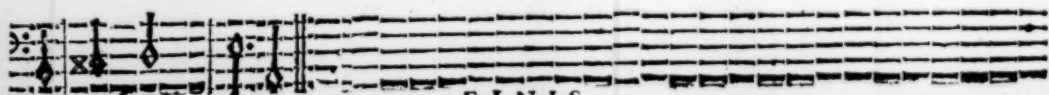
d'amore la servitu gia L'empioa tuoi danni fra stuoli di'sguardi Con-ve-ri Bugiar-di di



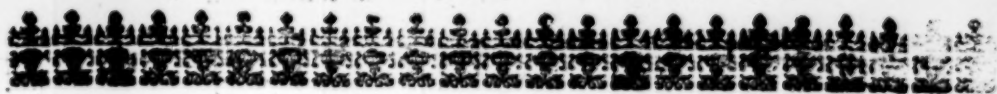
spo-ve glin ganne le forde gl'affanno non hanno piu luo ——— co dil Crudo su—o fo-



-co effeti lar— do-re.



FINIS.

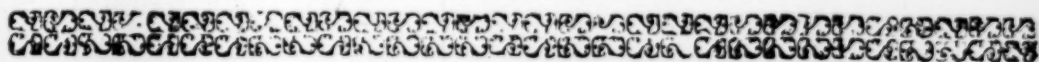


The Second Booke,

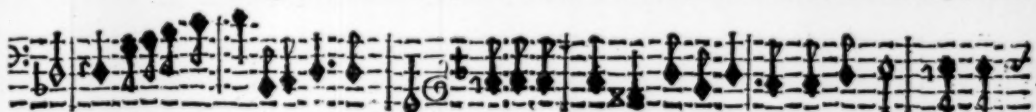
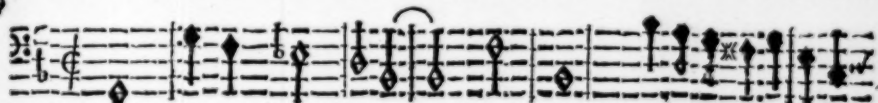
Containing

PASTORALL DIALOGUES

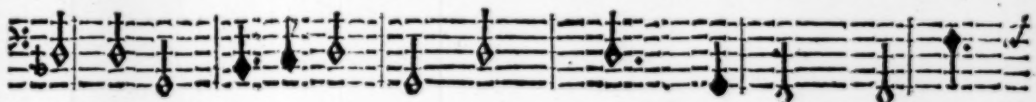
For two Voyces to sing to an Instrument.



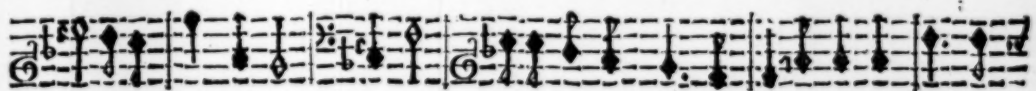
Prethee keep my sheep for me: *Clorillo*, wilt thou, tell? First, let me have a kisse of



thee and I — will keep them well. If thou a while but to my little flock will look, thou shalt



have this imbrodred skrip & silver hook. No other fauour or reward I craue, but one poor kisse.

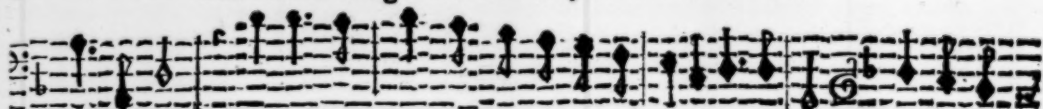


A kisse thou must not have. And why? Such inticements Maids must fly: this Garland thou shalt



have of Roses and of Lil-lies. Nor skrip, nor hook, nor Garland sweetest *Philis*, doe

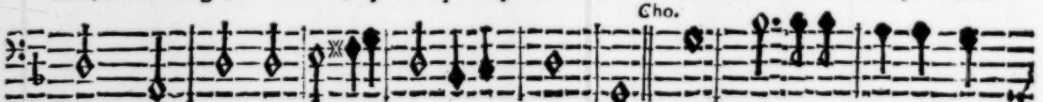




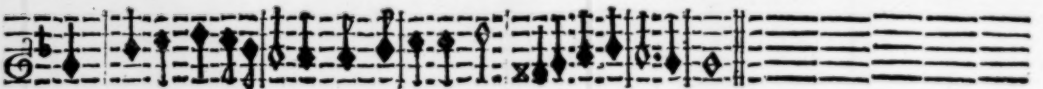
I require, to kisse thy fresh and Ro-sie lip is one-ly my desire. Take then a



kisse, and let me go, till I return, by care upon my flocks bestow. Sweet sweet is that kisse, that doth



Sweet, sweet is that kisse, that doth



with true and just desire, as much a-nother give, as to it selfe require.

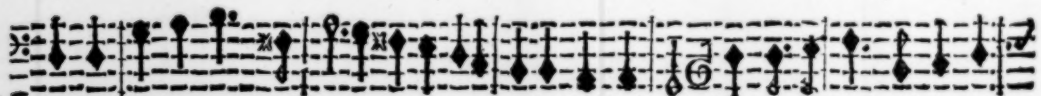


with true and just desire, as much a-nother give, as to it selfe require.

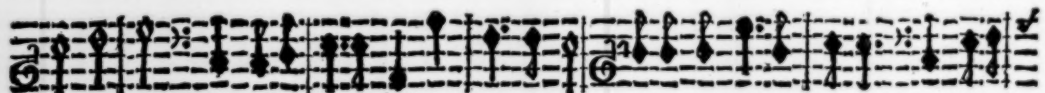
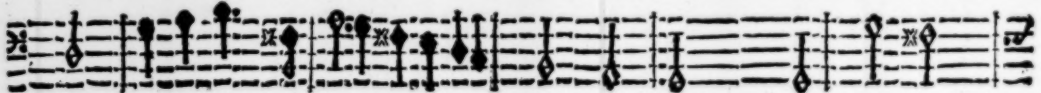
Mr. Nic. Laneare.



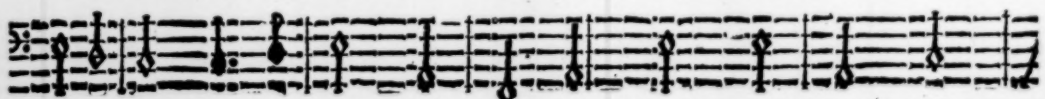
Hepheard in faith I cannot stay, my wandring flocks call me away. Phillis I

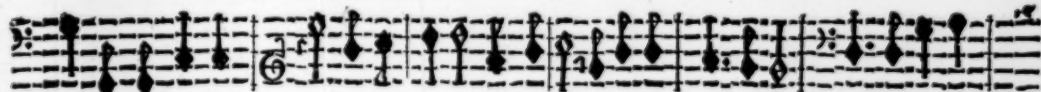


swear since I have caught thee now, upon thy rosie lips, I'll pay my vow. Who lives in love, may not by

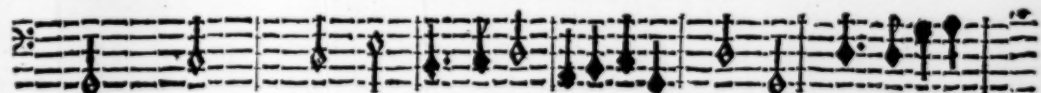


force constrain. Where imprecation false oaths must obtain. I prethee Stephen leave me. Dear Phillis





leave to contemn me. Nay, then I see, nay then I see, I must my selfe defend. Vaine is all de-

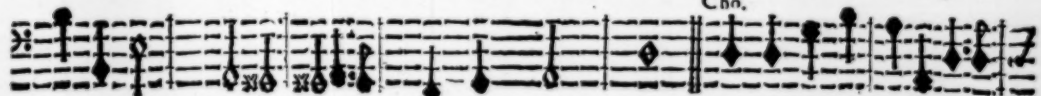


Cho.



fence and art, Cruel, cruel, thou do'st of breath bereave me. Since I have thee e're I part,

Cho.



Since I have thee e're I part, I'll



I'll smother thee with kisses, printing on thy lips, printing on thy lips, a thousand such as this.



smother thee with kisses, printing on thy lips, printing on thy lips a thousand, such as this.



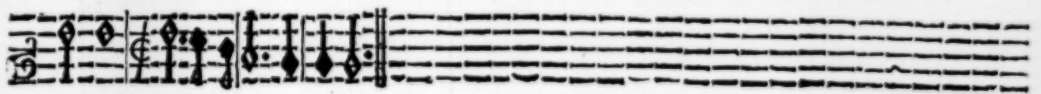
Thus *Strephon* bold layd downe his lovely *Philis*.

And kist her breathlesse, and kist her

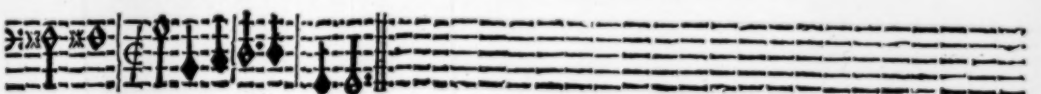


Thus *Strephon* bold layd downe his lovely *Philis*.

And kist her breathlesse, and kist her

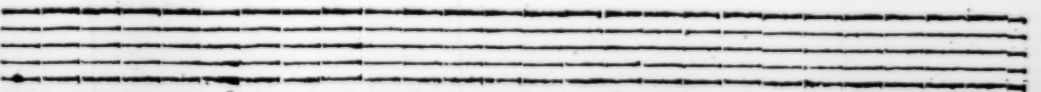
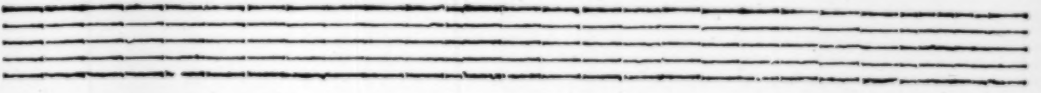


breathlesse upon a bank of Lillies.



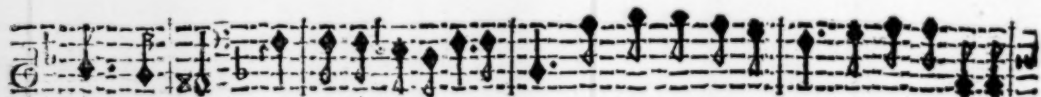
breathlesse upon a bank of Lillies.

Mr. Nich. Lancare.

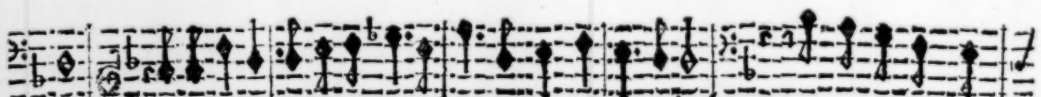
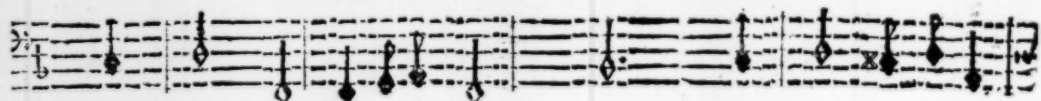




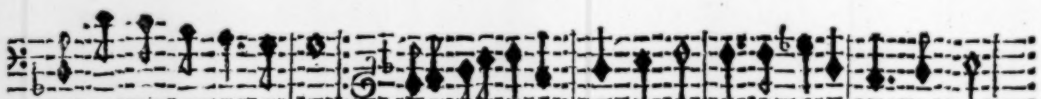
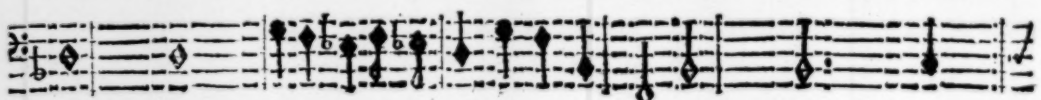
O, ne my *Daphne*, come away, we do wast the christall day. 'Tis *Straphon* cals, what



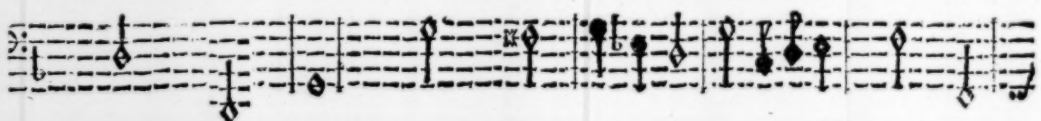
would my love? Come follow to the Mirtle Grove, where *Venus* shal prepare new chaplets for thy



haire. Were I shut up within a tree, I'd rend my bark to follow thee. My Shepheards make



haste, the minutes slide so fast. In those cooler shades, will I blind as Cupid kisse your eye.



Cho.



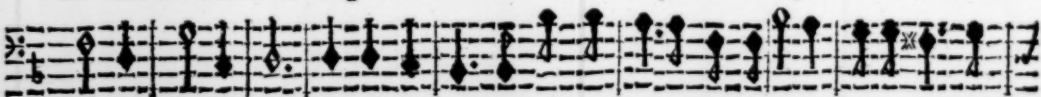
In thy bosome then I'll stray, in such warm snow, who would not lose his way? We'll laugh and



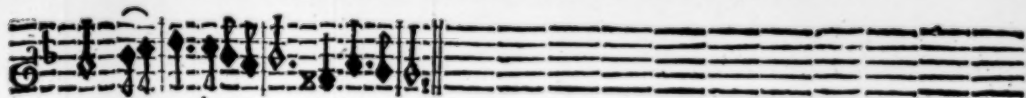
We'll laugh and



leave this world behinde, and gods themselvs that see, shall envy thee and me, but never finde such

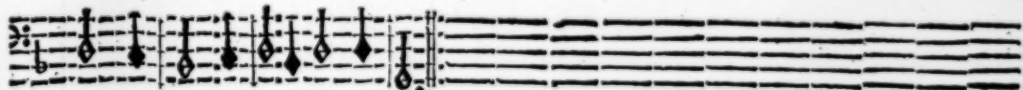


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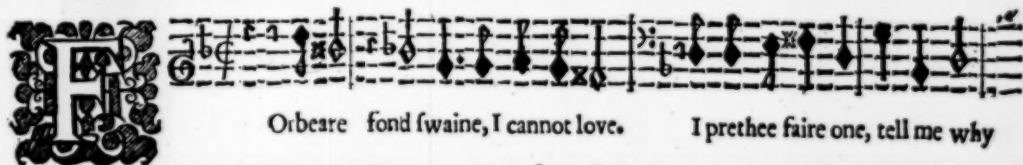


joyes when they embrace a Di-e-ty.

Mr. William Lawes.

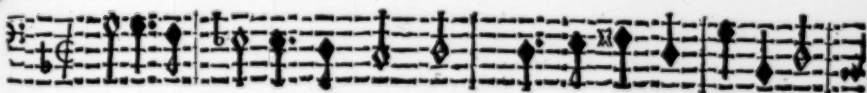


joyes when they embrace a Di-e-ty.



Orbeare fond swaine, I cannot love.

I prethee faire one, tell me why



thou art so cold?

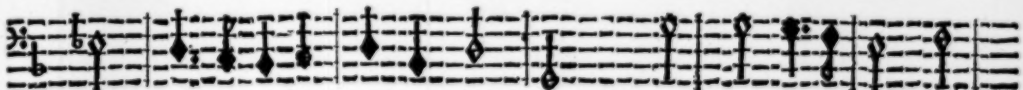
You do but move to take away my liber-ty.

I'll keep thy sheepe whilst

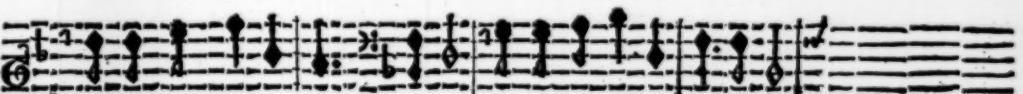


thou shalt play. Delight shall make each Month a *May*.

Those pleasant are unthrifty houres.



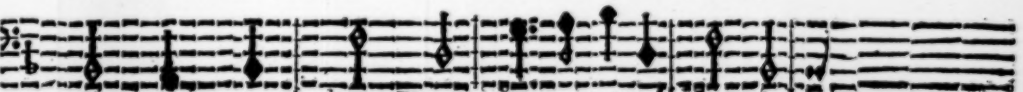
Thou shalt have the choycest flowers, wax and Hony, milke & woole, of ripest fruits thy belly full.



My flocks I'll keep by thine.

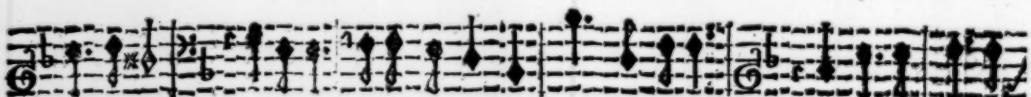
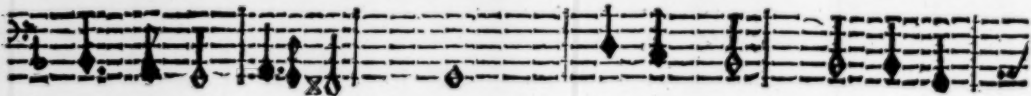
Not so, but let them undisturbaunce go.

vert. fol.

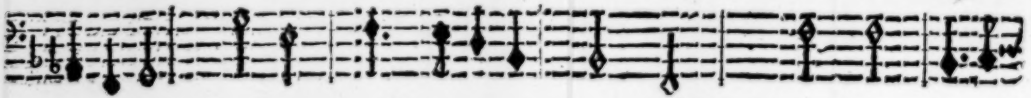




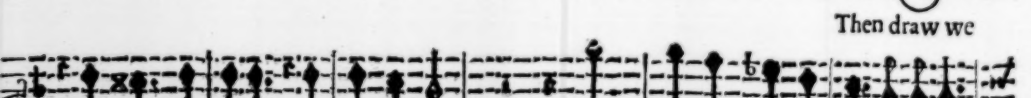
I can afford no more. Ah cease! Love come so far may yet encrease. Each day I'll



grant a kisse. Our blisses must not conclude, but spring from kisses. Then Shepherd love thy



fill. I shall who knows how much loves not at all. Then draw we both



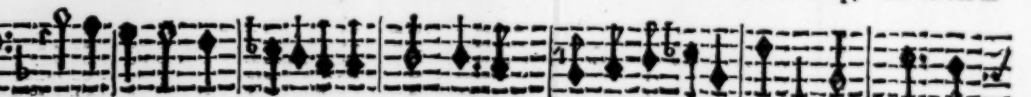
our flocks up hither, that we may pitch. That we may pitch our folds together.



both our flocks up hither. That we may pitch, that we may pitch our folds together.



A midst our chaste imbracements meet, our selves as blame-lesse as our sheep, our selves as



A midst our chaste imbraces, meet Our selves as blamelesse as our sheep,



blame-lesse as our sheep.



Our selves as blamelesse as our sheep.

Mr. William Caesar, alias Smegergil.

Pastorall Dialogues for two Voyces to an Instrument.

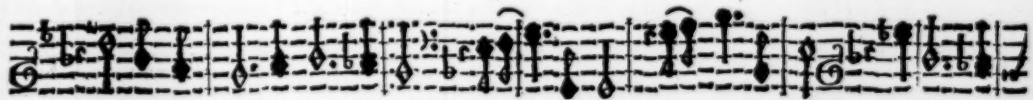
7

Venus.

Vulcan



Ulcen, Vulcan, O Vulcan, my Love ! Who cal's? who names me here mongst flames



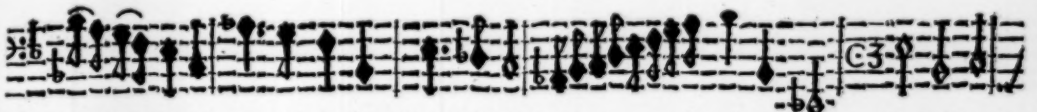
Sweet, hear my plaint, give sorrow ease. Thy sacred power who dares displease? A-las, for-



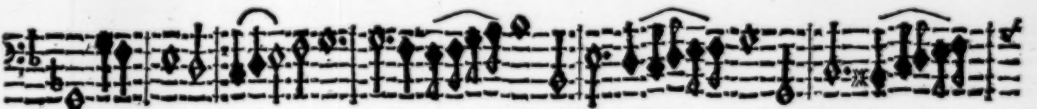
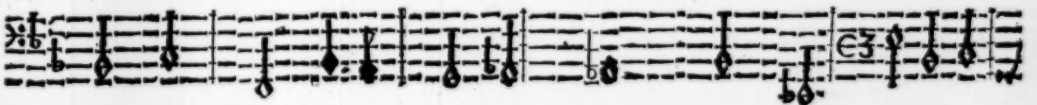
lern *Cupid*, my waward son doth scorn Loves just decree, my awfull heft and heavenly De-i-ty.



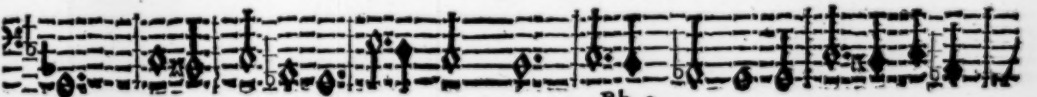
Is he so bold? well, for thy sake, I that his arrows heads have us'd to make of piercing steele which



Lo-vers feele, will temper lead, whose force is dull, and ——— stroak is dead, so that hence



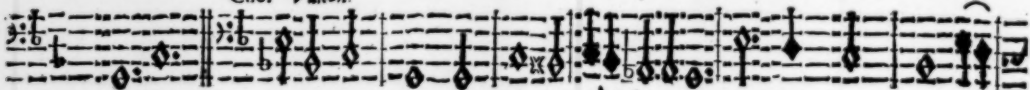
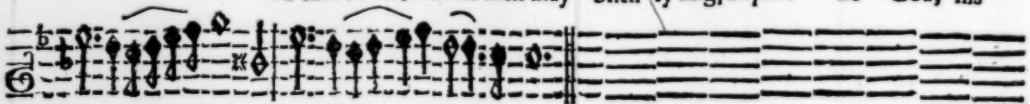
forth all men may blith-ly sing, *Cupid's* no God, his bow a ——— Toy, his shaft no



Pastorall Dialogues for two Voyces to an Instrumēt.

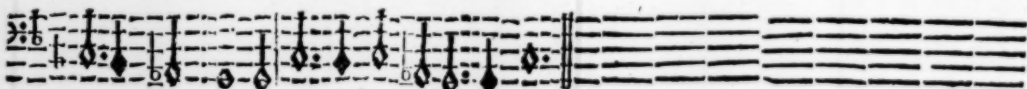
Cho. *Venus.*

fearfull thing.

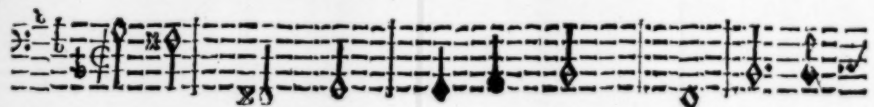
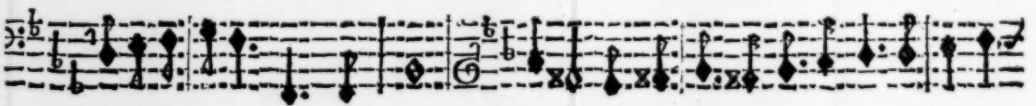
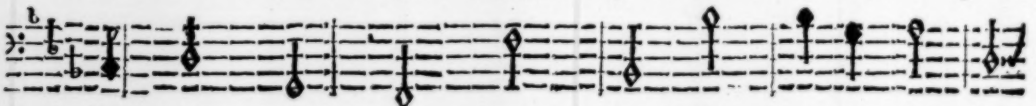
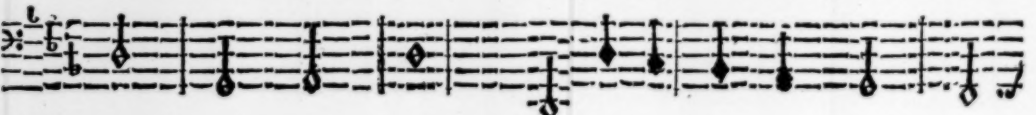
So that henceforth all men may blith-ly sing, *Cupid's* no God, hisCho. *Vulcan.*So that henceforth all men may blith-ly sing, *Cupid's* no God, his

bow a ——— toy, his shafts no ——— fearfull thing.

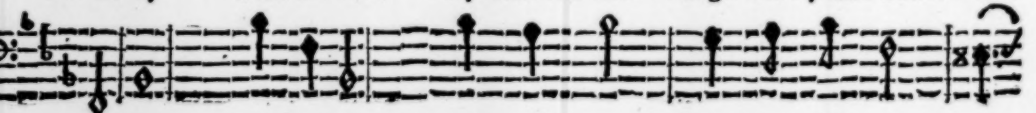
Mr. William Lawes.



bcw a toy, his shafts no fearfull thing.

Ear *Silvia*, let thy *Thirs* know, what 'tis that makes those tears o'reflow Arethe Kids that us'd to play, and skip so nimbly, gone astray? Are *Clor*'s flowers more fresh & green?Or is some other Nymph made Queen? *Thirs*, do'st thou think that I can grieve for this, when

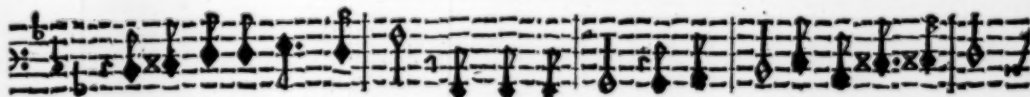
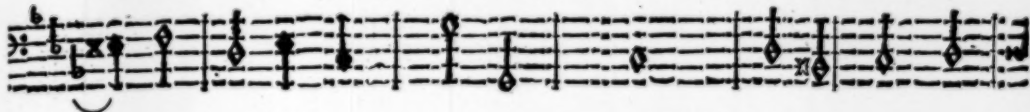
thou art by? What is it then? My father bids that I no longer feed my Kids with thine but



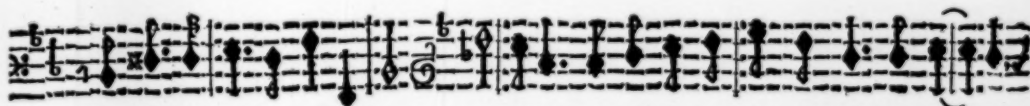
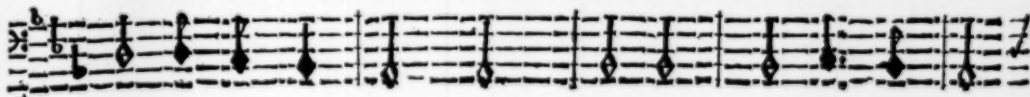


Coridons, and weare none but his Garlands on my haire.

Why so? Why so my *Silvia*?

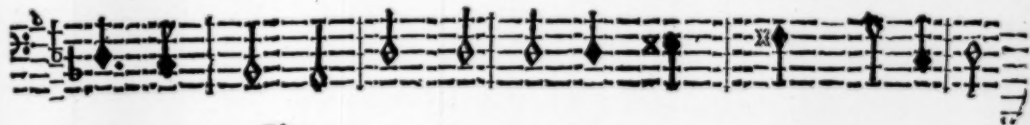


Will he keep thy flocks more safe when thou do'st sleep? Will the Nymphs envy more thy praise,

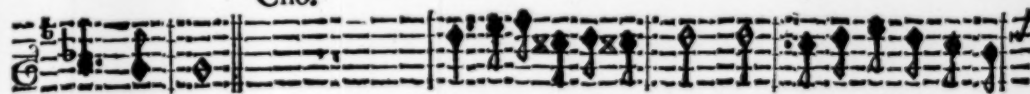


when chanted with his round delaies?

No *Thirfis*, I my flocks must joyn with his, 'cause they are

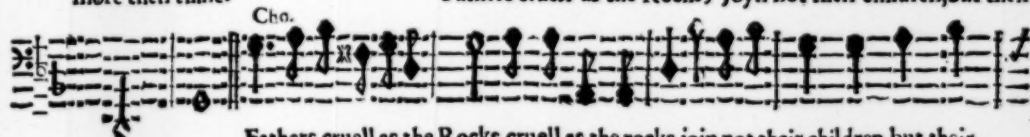


Cho.



more then thine.

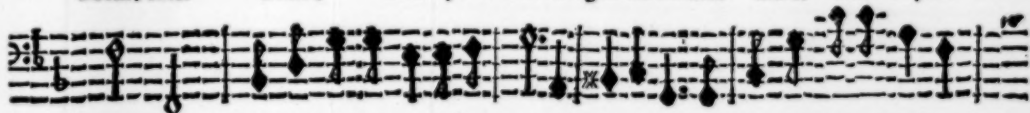
Fathers cruell as the Rocks, joyn not their children, but their



Fathers cruell as the Rocks, cruell as the rocks, joyn not their children, but their



flocks, their flocks, and *Hymen* calls to light his torches there, and *Hymen*



flocks, their flocks, and *Hymen* calls, *Hymen* calls to light his torches there, and *Hymen* calls, and

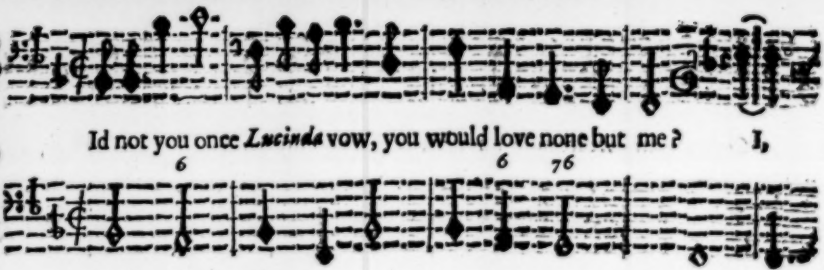


calls to light his torches there, where fortune, not affections equall are.

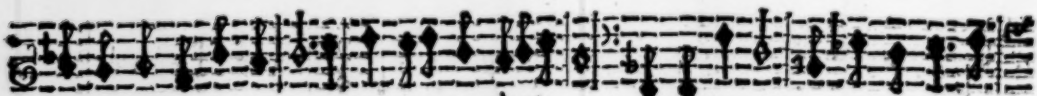


Hymen calls to light his torches there, where fortune, not affections equall are.

Dr. Charles Colman.



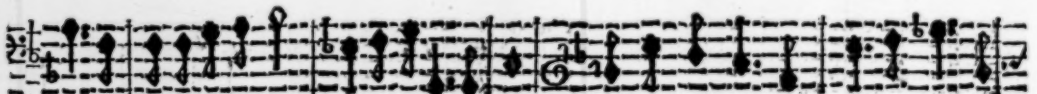
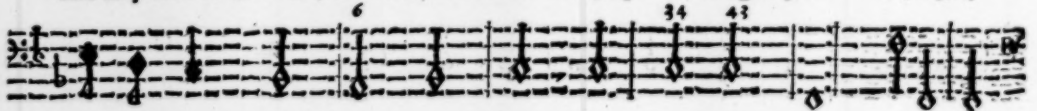
Id not you once *Lucinda* vow, you would love none but me? I,



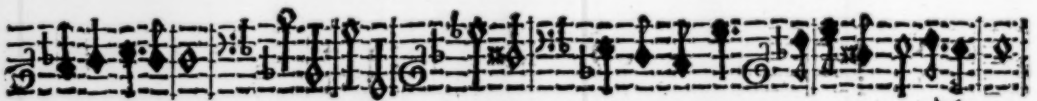
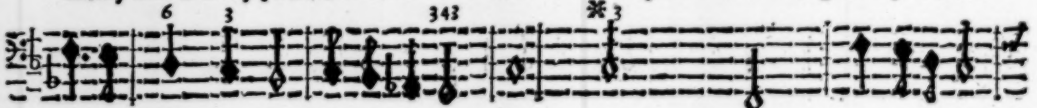
but my mother tels me now I must love wealth, not thee. 'Tis not my fault, my sheep are lean, or



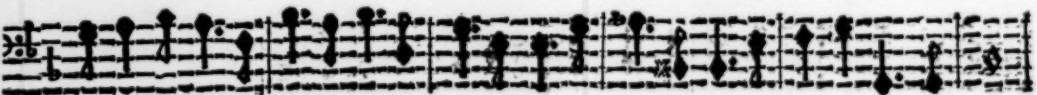
that they are so few. Nor mine I cannot love so mean, so poor a thing as you. Cruell, cru-



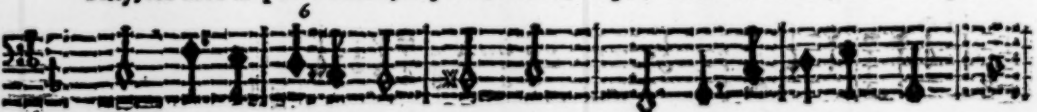
-ell, thy love is in thy power, fortune is not in mine. But shepheard think how great my dower is

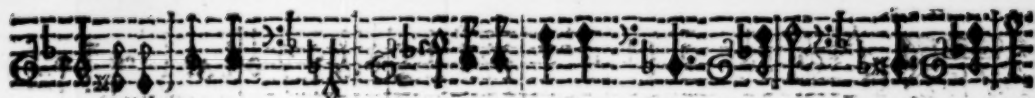


in respect of thine. Ah me, ah me. Ah me. Meck you my griefe. I pit-ty thy hard fate.

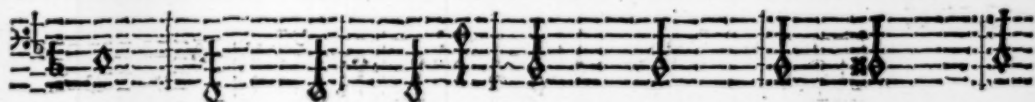


Pitry, for love is poore reliefe, is poore, reliefe, is poore reliefe, I'd rather chuse thy hate.





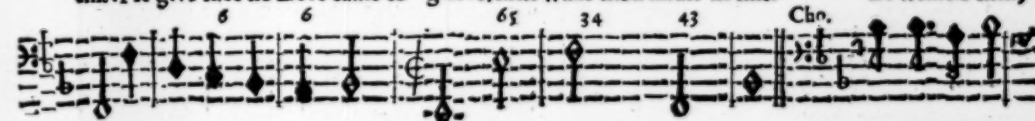
But I must love thee. No. But I must love thee. No. Believe. No. Believe.



No. I'll seal it with a kiss, & give thee no more cause to grieve, then what thou findest in



this: I'll give thee no more cause to grieve, then what thou findest in this. Be witness then,



Be witness then,



be witness then, you powers above, and by these ho-ly bands let it appear that truest love grows



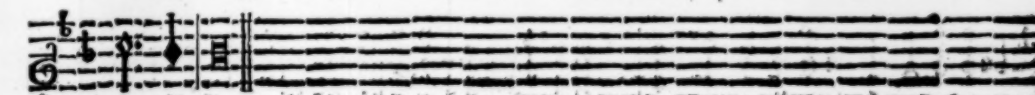
be witness then, you powers above, and by these ho-ly bands let it appear, that truest love grows



not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows not on



not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows not on wealth, grows not on

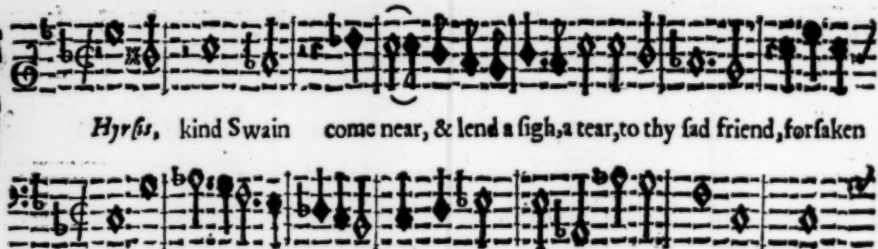


wealth nor lands,



wealth nor lands,

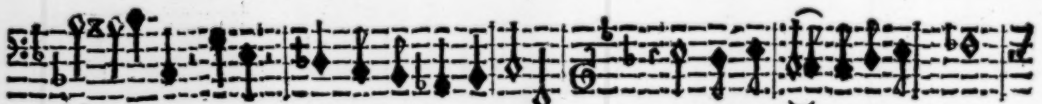
Dr. Ch. Coleman



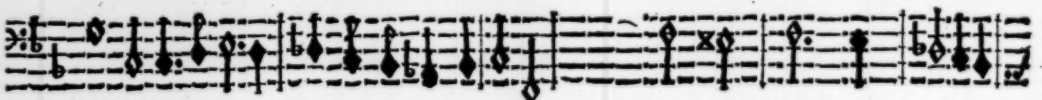
Hyfis, kind Swain come near, & lend a sigh, a tear, to thy sad friend, forsaken



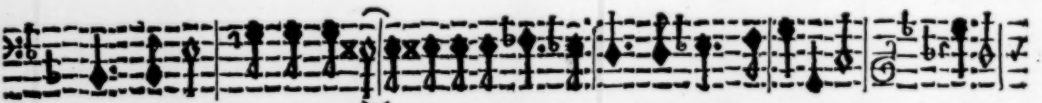
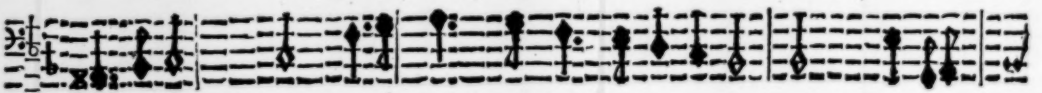
Damon calls. Poor wight I come, but wherfore in this plight? thine eys are red, thy griefes are



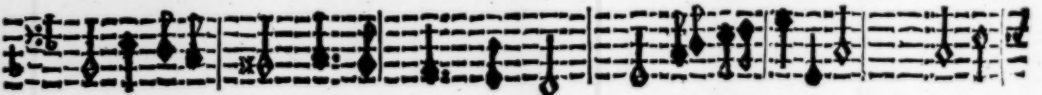
swel- ling, tell them sorrow's half cur'd by telling. Take then the cause of all my woes,



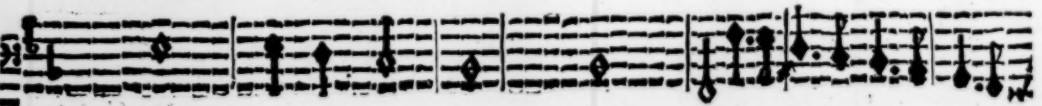
Phillis is gone. Why, let her goe, 'tis but with other Nimps & Swains, to sport upon the



Neigh'ring Plains, she'l come againe, be't but to find the heart with thee she left behind. Alas,

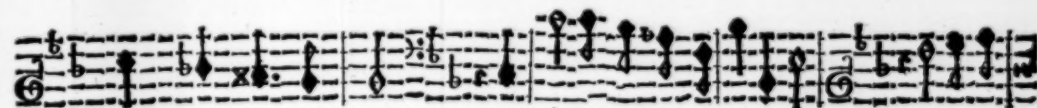
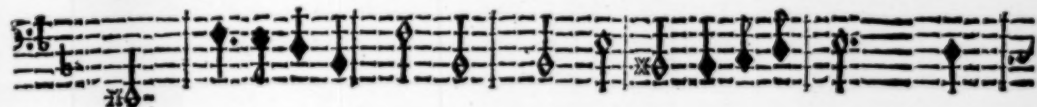


she's taken mine, her's free as Ayre is gone un-chain'd by me, though I with such devotion

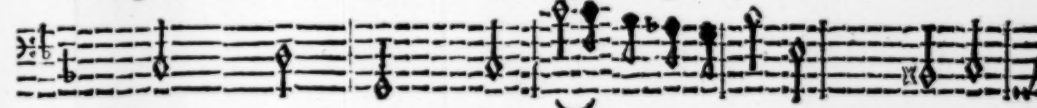




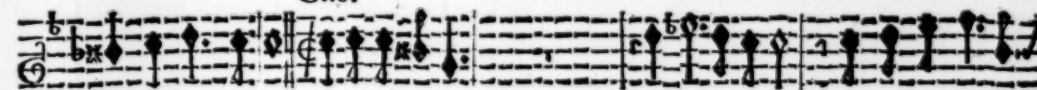
fought her Love, as to Great *Pan* I ought, whilst my pale look and scatter'd sheep show'd I, nor



thoughts, nor flocks could keepe. Cheare up and lightly by her fet. He never



Cho.



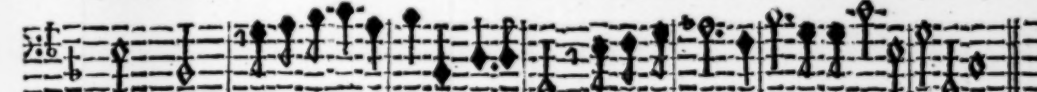
lov'd, that could forget. Love is a Riddle, which he best unties, whose reason's not be-



Love is a Riddle, which he best unties,



tray'd by his eyes, whose reason's not betray-ed, betray-ed by his eyes.



whof reason's not betrayed by his eyes, whof reason's not betrayed, betrayed by his eyes.

Mr. *William Caesar*, alias *Smegargill*.



Harmon, O gentle *Charon*, let me woo thee with tears, & pity now to come un-

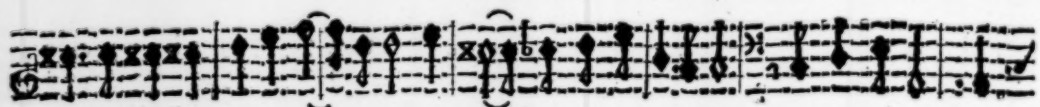
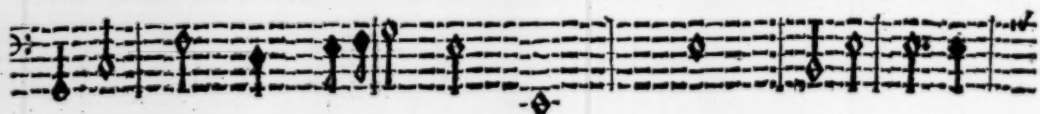


to me. What voyce so sweet and charming do I hear? say what thou art? I prethee first draw near.

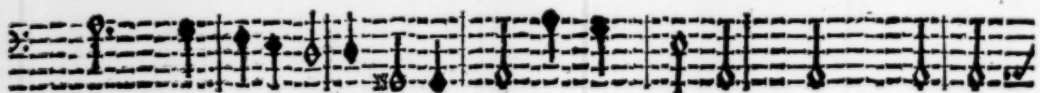




A sound I hear, but nothing yet I see: Speak where thou art? O *Charon*, pit-ty me! I am a



shade, & though no name I tell, my mournful voyce wil say I'm *Philemel*. What's what to me? I



waft, nor fish, nor fowl, nor beast, fond thing, but only humane soles. Alas for me! Shame on thy



warbling note, that made me hoise my saile, & bring my boat, but Ile return: what mischief brought thee



hither? A deale of love, and much, much grief together. What's thy request? That since she's now be-

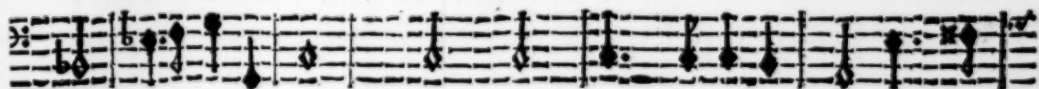


neath that fed my life, I follow her in death. And's that all? I'm gone. For love I pray thee. Talk not of





love, all pray, but no souls pay me. I'll give thee sighs & tears. Can tears pay scores for patching sails,



or mending boat, or oars? I'll beg a penny, or I'll sing so long, till thou shalt say I've paid thee

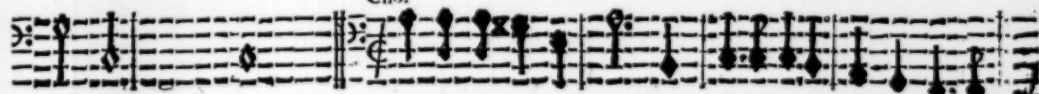


Cho.



in a Song. Why, then begin. And all the while we make our sloathfull passage o're the Stygian

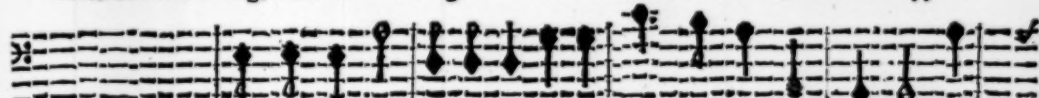
Cho.



And all the while we make our sloathfull passage o're the Stygian



Lake, thou & I'll sing, thou & I'll sing, to make these dull shades merry;



Lake, thou & I'll sing, thou & I'll sing, to make these dull shades merry; who

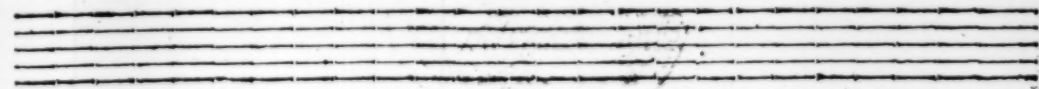


who else with tears will doubtless drown our Fer-ry.



else with tears, will doubt—less drown our Fer-ry.

Mr. William Lawes.



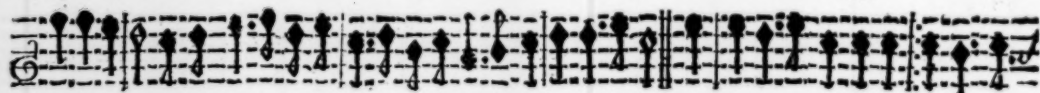
a. 2. Voc. Cantus.



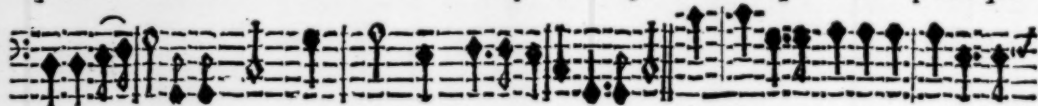
On bel se gella de se cretezza le ro-ca se prende del bella bel-ta la lingua se



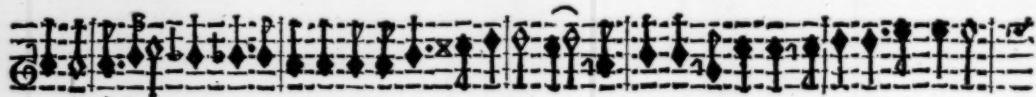
On bel se gella de se cretezza le ro-ca se prende del bella bel-ta la lingua se



firma de li-ber-di-ti - e ————— de po-ni-ta Resto la donna que bella che piache que



firma de liber-di-ti - e ————— de po-ni-ta Resto la donna que bella che piache que



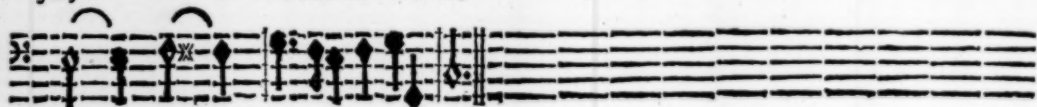
ta-ce e Jo-ve del core senza crezza da mo-re che piache che ta-ce e Jo-ve del co-re



ta-ce e Jo-ve del core senza crezza da mo-re che piache che ta-ce e Jo-ve del co-re



sensa ————— crezza da mo-re.



sensa ————— crezza de mo-re.



FINIS,

The Third Booke,

Containing

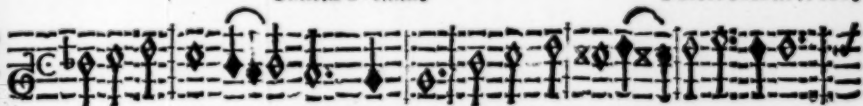
Short *AYRES* or *SONGS* for three Voyces :

Which may be fung either by a Voyce alone, or by two or three Voyces.

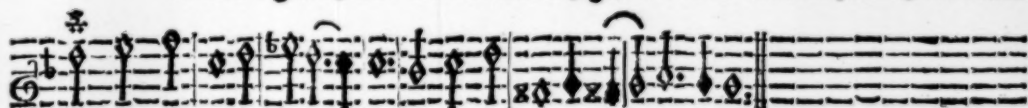
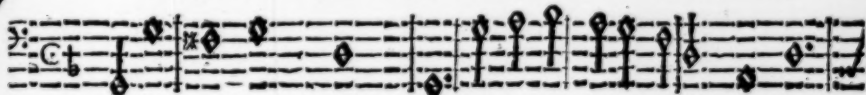
a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

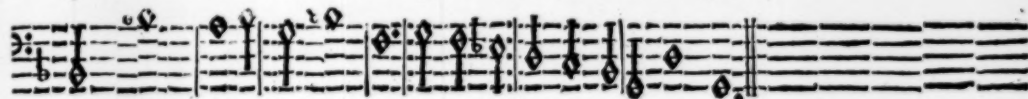
Mr. William Webb.



With no more thou shouldst love me, my joyes are full in loving thee,

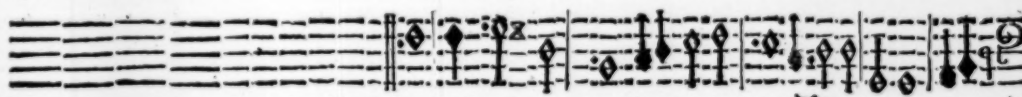


my heart's too narrow to containe my blifs, if thou shouldst love againe.



Mr. William Webb.

TOO narrow to containe my blifs, if thou shouldst love againe.



With no more thou shouldst love me, my joyes are full in loving thee, my heart's

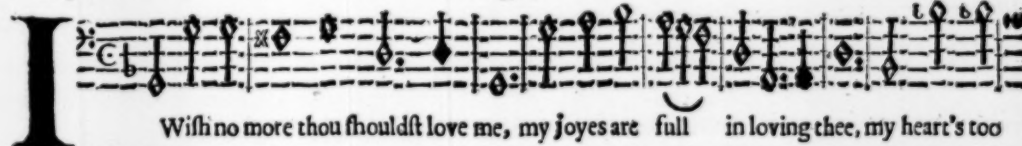


Cantus Secundus.

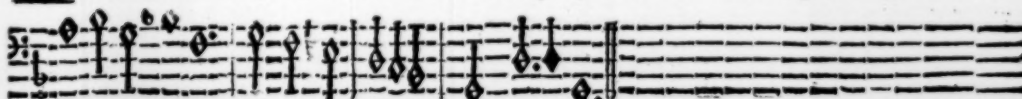
a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



With no more thou shouldst love me, my joyes are full in loving thee, my heart's too



narrow to containe my blifs, if thou shouldst love againe.

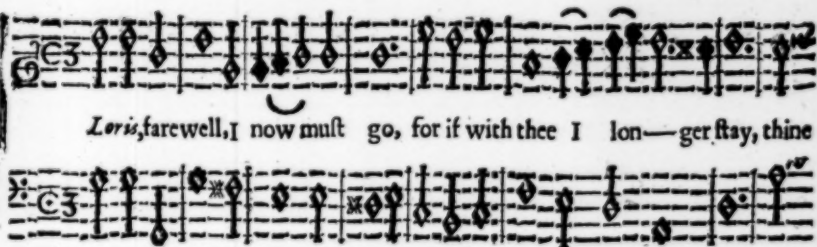
Mr. William Webb.

Ec

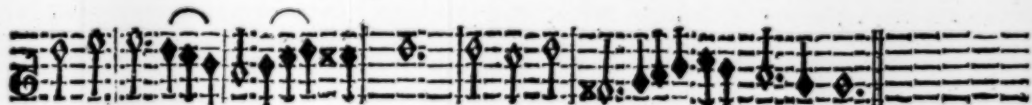
No. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

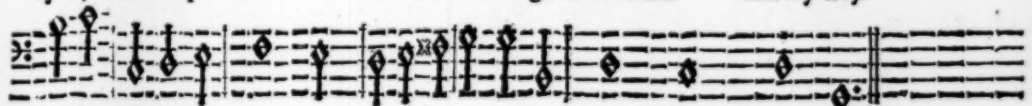
Mr. William Webb.



Loris, farewell, I now must go, for if with thee I lon—ger stay, thine



eyes prevaile up—on me so, I shall grow blind and lose my way.

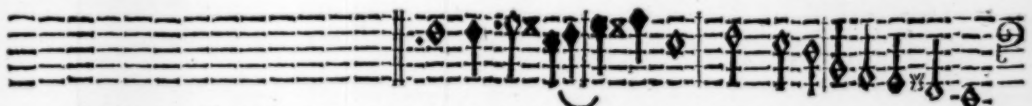


Fame of thy Beauty, and thy Youth
Amongst the rest me hither brought,
Finding this Fame full short of truth,
Made me stay longer then I thought.
For I'm ingag'd by word and oath
A servant to anothers will;
Yet for thy love would forfeit both,
Could I be sure to keep it still.
But what assurance can I take,
When thou fore-knewing this abuse,
For some more worthy Lovers sake,
May'st leave me with so just excuse.

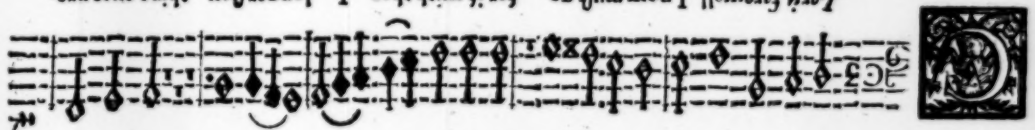
For thou may'st say 'twas not thy fault
That thou didst thus unconstant prove;
Thou wert by my example taught
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.
No *Cloris*, no, I will return,
And raise thy story to that height,
That strangers shall at distance burn,
And she distrust me Reprobate.
Then shall my love this doubt displace,
And gain such trust, that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face,
But make my constant meals at home.

Mr. William Webb.

vaile up-on me so, I shall grow blind and lose my way.



Loris, farewell, I now must go, for if with thee I longer stay, thine eyes pre-

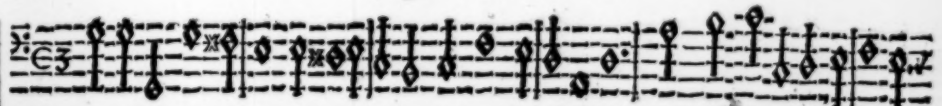


Cantus Secundus.

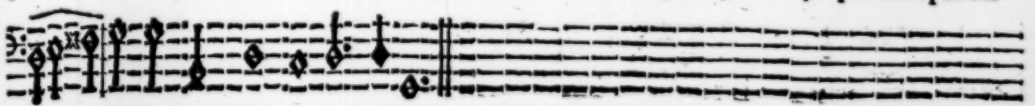
No. 3. Voc.

No. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Loris, farewell, I now must go, for if with thee I longer stay, thine eyes prevaile upon me



so, I shall grow blind and lose my way,

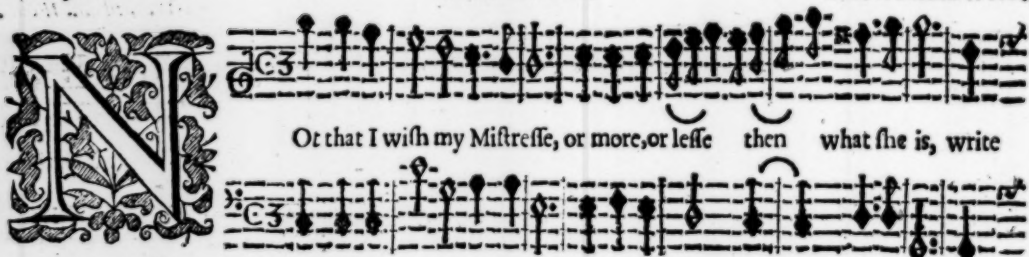
E c a

Mr. William Webb.

4. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Webb.



I these lines; for 'tis too late, rules to prescribe un—to my fate.

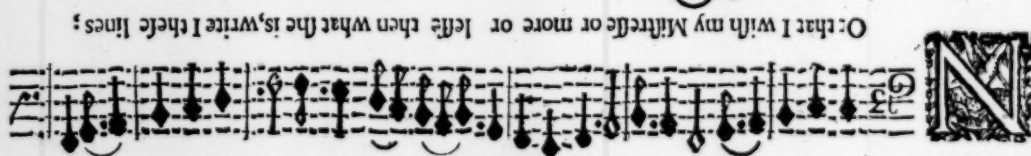
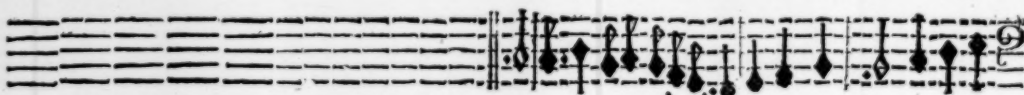


But as the tender stomach call
For choyce of meats, yet brooke not all;
So queasie love may here impart
What Mistrresse 'tis best takes the heart.
First, I would have her richly spread
With natures blossome, white and red;
For flaming heat will quickly dye,
Where is no fuell for the eye.
Yet this alone will never win,
Unlesse some treasure be within;
For where the spoyl's not worth the prey,
Men raise their teige, and march away.

I care not much if she be proud,
A little pride may be allow'd;
The am'rous youth, will pray and prate
Too freely, where he finds no state.
Then I would have her full of wit,
So she knows how to huswife it;
For she whose insolence will dare
To cry her wit, will shew her ware.
Last, I would have her loving be,
(Mistake me not) to none but me;
She that loves one, and loves one more,
She'll love a Kingdome o're and o're.

Mr. William Webb.

for 'tis too late, rules to pre—scribe un—to my fate.

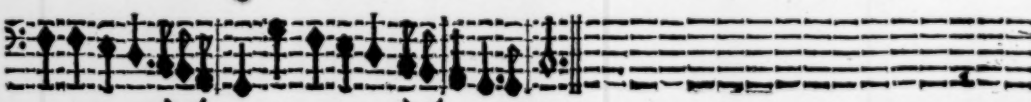
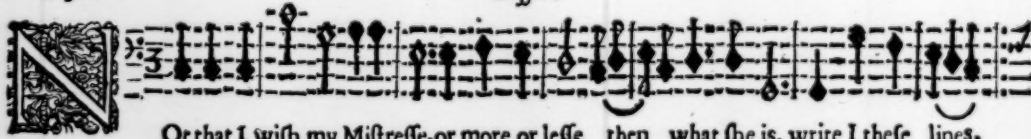


Cantus Secundus.

4. 3. Voc.

4. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



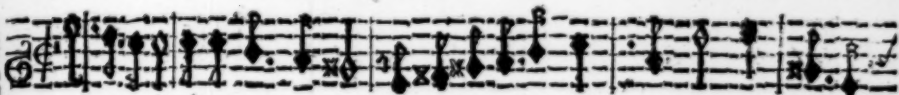
for 'tis too late rules to prescribe un—to my fate.

Mr. William Webb.

a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

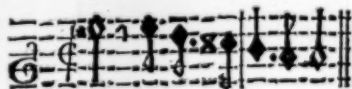
Mr. William Webb.



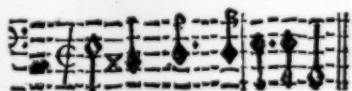
Tell me *Damon* canst thou prove, after thy many vowes of love, so false to



lose me with thy will? Though I am not so yong and faire, as when thy Garlands crown'd my



haire, I am *Urania* still.



How didst thou wooe with sighs and teares,
To undoe me in my bloome of yeares?
Then worth the love of every swaine,
Who freely would on me bestow
Whole flocks, as white as Virgin snow,
But I did all disdain.

Or if thou wert resolv'd to wound
Me with thy scorn, could none be found
To be the darling of thine eyes,
But servile Mopla, whose best fate
Was on my flock, and me to wair,
Ah ill-brad Shepherdesse!

O may that Charme upon her face
Betray thy heart to love disgrace,
And to her pride, thou triumph be:
Dye for her love, as I for thi e,
No shephards tear bedew thy shrine
A just revenge for me.

Mr. William Webb.

my haire, I am *Urania* still.



Tell me *Damon*, canst thou prove, after thy many vowes of love, so false to lose me



Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

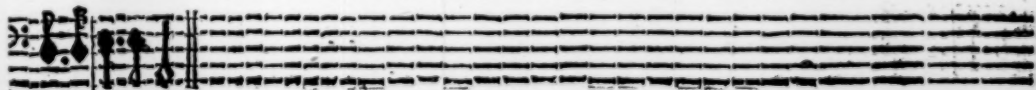
Bass.



Tell me *Damon*, canst thou prove, after thy many vowes of love, so false to lose me



with thy will? Though I am not so young and faire, as when thy Garlands crown'd my haire, I



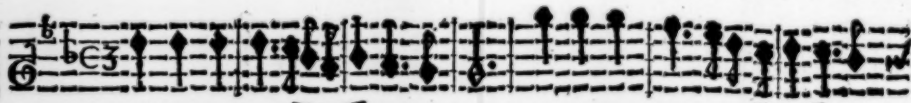
am *Urania* still.

Mr. William Webb.

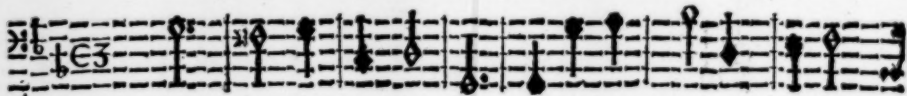
a. 3. Voc.

Cantus.

Mr. William Webb.



Ert thou yet fair — er than thou art, which lies not in the power of



art ; or had'st thou in thine eyes more Darts, that Cupid e — ver shot at hearts; yet if they

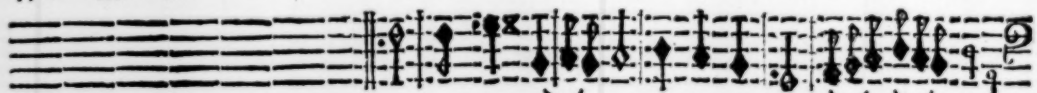


were not thrown at me, I could not cast one thought at thee.

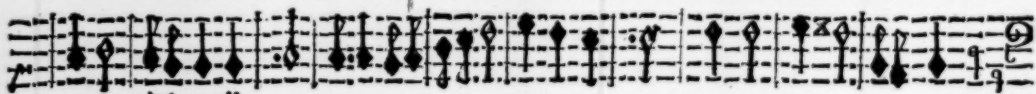


Mr. William Webb.

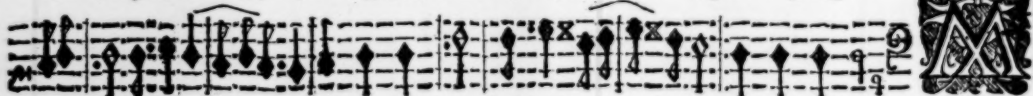
thrown at mee, I could not cast one thought at thee.



had'st thou in thine eyes more Darts, than Cupid e — ver shot at hearts; yet if they were not



Ert thou yet fair — er than thou art, which lies not in the power of art; or

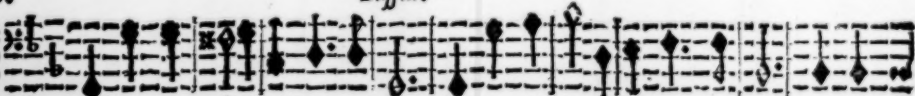


A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bass.



Ert thou yet fair — er than thou art, which lies not in the power of art; or had'st



thou in thine eyes more Darts, than Cupid e — ver shot at hearts; yet if they were not thrown at



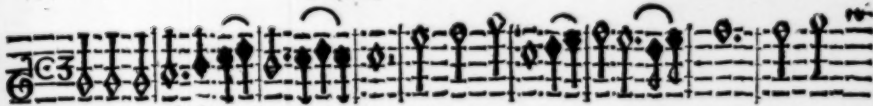
mee, I could not cast one thought at thee.

Mr. William Webb.

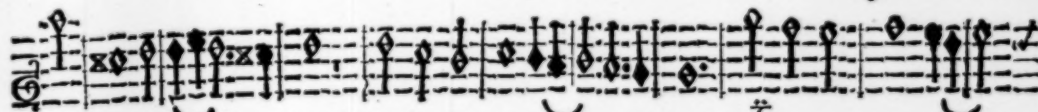
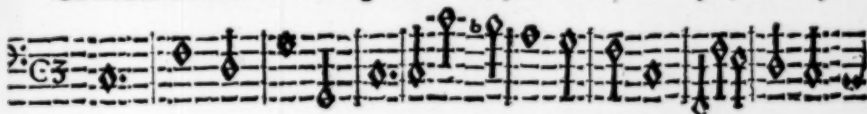
a. 3. Voc.

Cantus.

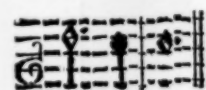
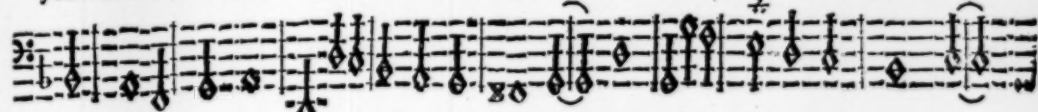
Mr. William Webb.



On meaner Beauties of the night, that weakly sa-tis-fie our eyes, more by



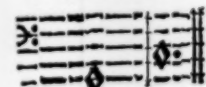
your number than your light, like common peo-ple of the skies; what are you when the



You Violets that first appear, and by your purple mantles known,
Like the proud Virgins of the year, as if the Spring were all your own;
What are you when the Rose is blown?

Moon shall rise?

You lusty Chanters of the Wood, that fill the Ayre with natures layes,
Thinking your passions understood by Accents weak, what is your praise,
When *Philomell* her voyce shall raise?



So when my Princes shall be seen, in sweetnes of her looks and minde,
By Vertue first, then chuse a Queen, tell me if she were not design'd,
The Eclipse and Glory of her kinde?

Mr. William Webb.

num-ber than your light, like common peo-ple of the skies; what are you when the Moon shall rise?



On meaner Beau-ties of the night, that weakly satis-fie our eyes, more by your



Alto.

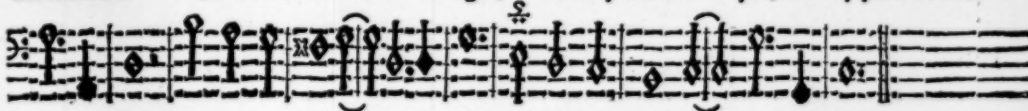
a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bass.



On meaner beauties of the night, that weakly satisfie our eyes, more by your number



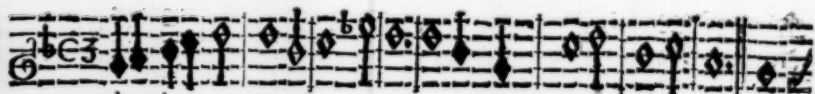
than your light, like common peo-ple of the skies; what are you when the Moon shall rise?

Mr. William Webb.

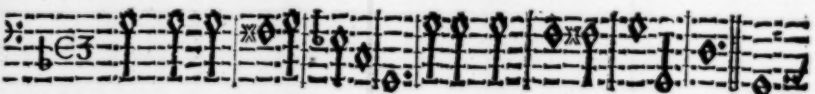
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Nicholas Lanncare.



Hough I am yong,& cannot tell,either what love or death is well, and



then again I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, & death with cold.



Yet I have heard they both beare darts,
And both doe aime at humane hearts;
So that I feare they doe but bring
Extreams to touch, and meane one thing.

Mr. Nicholas Lanncare.

then againe I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, & death with cold.



Hough I am yong, & cannot tell, either what love or death is well, and

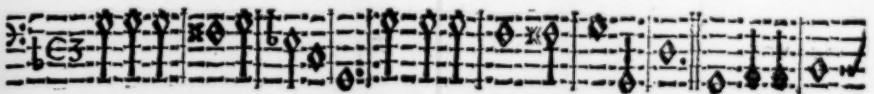


Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Hough I am yong, & cannot tell, either what love or death is well, & then againe



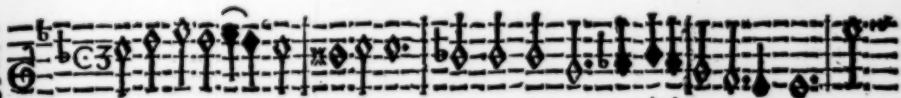
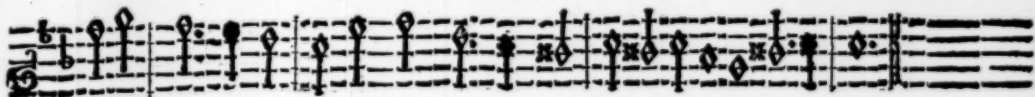
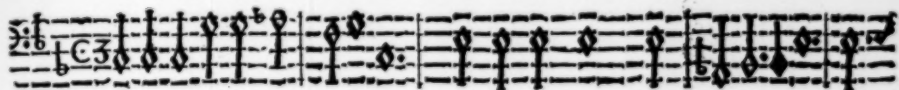
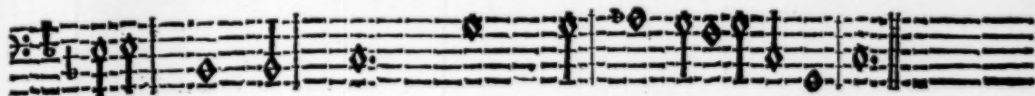
I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, & death with cold.

Mr. Nicholas Lanncare.

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus.

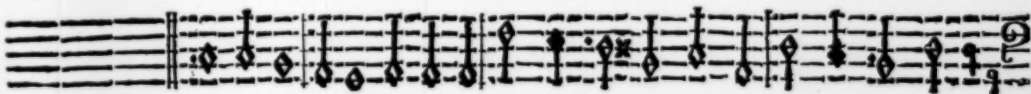
Mr. William Lawes.

My *Clarissal* thou cru-ell faire, bright as the morning, and soft as the Ayre: Fresh-er then flowers in *May*, yet far more sweet then they; Love is the subject of my prayer.

When first I saw thee, I felt a flame,
Which from thine Eyes like lightning came;
Sure it was Cupid's Dart,
It pierc't quite through my heart,
Oh, could thy breast once feele the same!
A wound so powerfull would urge thy soule,
Spight of a froward heart, coyne's controule,
And make thy love as fixt
As is the heart thou prik'st,
Forcing thee with me to concole.

Let not such Fortune my Love betyde;
Oh, let your rocky breast be mollifi'd!
Send me not to my Grave
Unpityed, like a slave;
How can love such usage abide?
Simpathize with me a while in grieve;
This passion quickly will find out reliefe;
Cupid will from his Bowers
Warm these chill hearts of ours,
And make his power rule there in chiefe.

Then would the God of love equall bee,
Giving me ease, as by wounding thee;
Then would you never scorn,
When like to me you burn;
At least not prove unkind to mee.

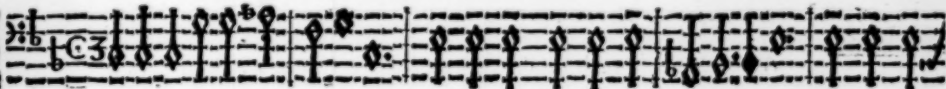
Mr. W. Lawes. then flowers in *May*, yet far more sweet then they; Love is the subject of my prayer.My *Clarissa!* thou cruell faire, bright as the morning, and soft as the Ayre: Fresh-

Alto.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

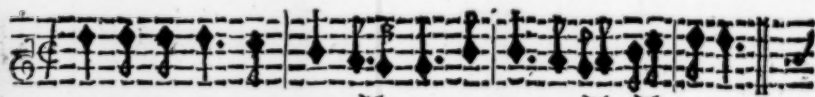
My *Clarissa!* thou cruell faire, bright as the morning, and soft as the Ayre: Fresher thenflowers in *May*, yet far more sweet then they; Love is the subject of my prayer. Mr. William Lawes.

G g

A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

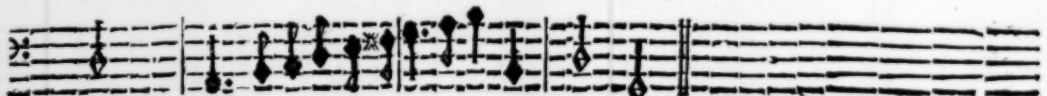
Mr. William Lawes.



Ather your Rose buds while you may, Old Time is still a flying,



And that same Flower that smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.



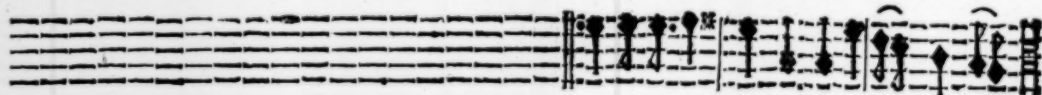
The glorious Lampe of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he is getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That Age is best that is the first,
While youth and blood are warmer,
Expect not the last and worst,
Time still succeeds the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
While you may goe marry,
For having once but lost your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

Mr. William Lawes.

that smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.



Ather your Rose buds while you may, Old Time is still a flying, And that same Flower

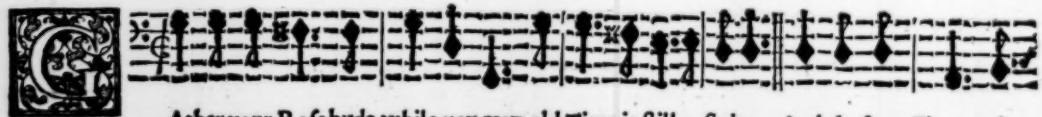


Tenor.

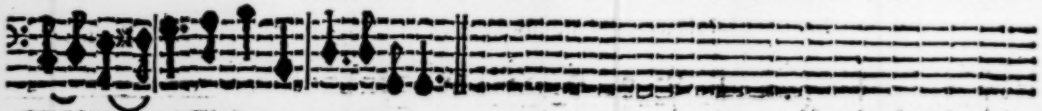
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bass.



Ather your Rose buds while you may, old Time is still a flying, And the same Flower that



smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.

Mr. William Lawes.

3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

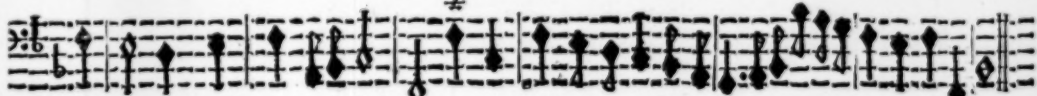
Dr. Wilson.



In the merry month of *May*, on a morn by break of day, forth I walkt the Wood



so wide, when as *May* was in her pride, there I spy'd all alone, *Philida* and *Co-ri-don*, & *Coridon*.



Much adoe there was God wot,
He did love, but she could not;
He sayd his love was ever true,
She sayd, none was false to you;
He sayd, he had lov'd her long,
She sayd, love should take no wrong.

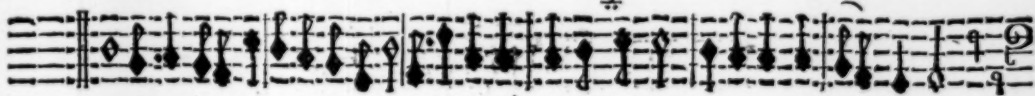
Coridon would have kist her then,
She sayd, Mayds must kisse no Men,
Till they kisse for good and all,
Then she bad the Shepherd call
All the Gods to witness truth,
Ne'r was loved so fair a youth.

Then with many a pretty Oath,
As Yea and Nay, and Faith and Troth;
Such as silly Shepheards use,
When they would not love abuse;
Love which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded.

And *Philida* with Garlands gay
Was Crowned the Lady of the *May*.

Dr. Wilson.

wide, when as *May* was in her pride, there I spy'd all alone, *Philida* and *Co-ri-don*, and *Coridon*.



In the merry Month of *May*, on a morn by break of day, forth I walkt the Wood so

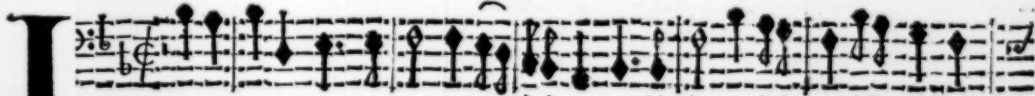


Cantus Secundus.

3. Voc.

3. Voc.

Bassus.



In the merry Month of *May*, on a morn by break of day, forth I walkt the Wood so



wide, when as *May* was in her pride, there I spy'd all alone, *Philida* and *Co-ri-don*, and *Coridon*.

G 2

Dr. Wilson.

a. 3. Voc.

Cantus.

Mr. William Smegergill alias Caesar.

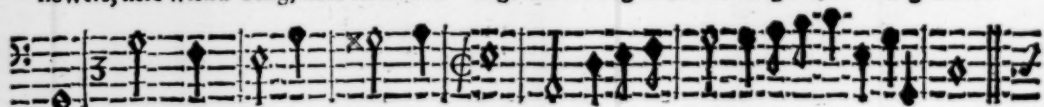


Elcome,

welcome, to the Grove, these bowers, this embrodred bed of



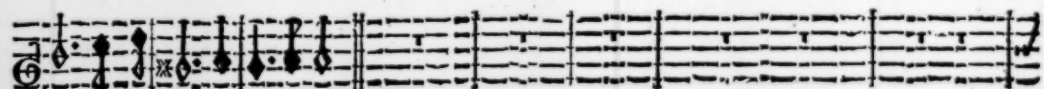
flowers; here with a Song, more sweet than long, we wil beguile, we wil beguile, the sliding houres :



Verse alone.



See a new spring, & ev'ry plant, which of perfection finds a want, doth from that cheek & from that eye



crave & receive a new supply,

Bassus alone.



The Sun, &c.

Cho.



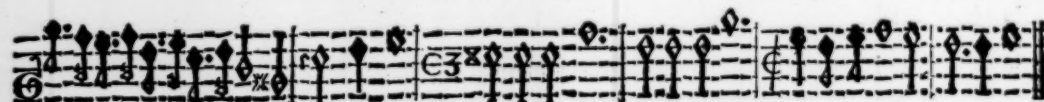
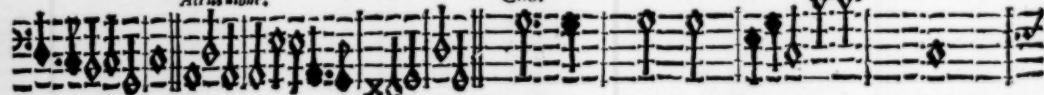
Those Violets, &c.

Whilst the whol quire of birds re-joyce

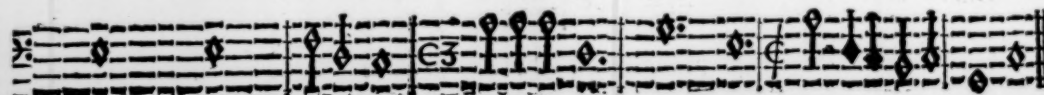
to improve their

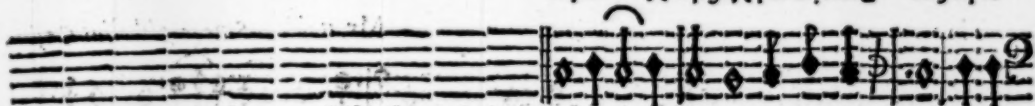
Altus alone.

Cho.



warb ——— ling from her voice : Then all must grant heer's to be seen, Beauties & Musicks Magozaene.

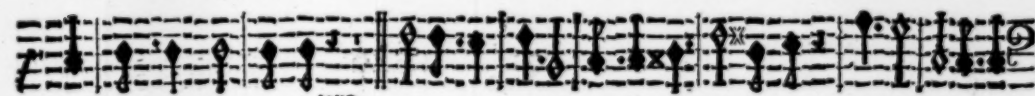




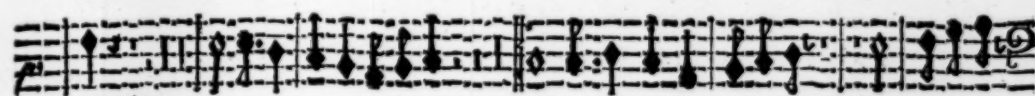
rejoyce, to improve their warb ——— ling from her voyce : Then all must grant here's



Vi-olers drooping neare to death, take life and odour from her breath; whilst the whole quire of Birds



we will beguile, we will beguile, the sliding hours crave and receive a new supply : Tho



Elcome, welcome, to the Grove, these Bowers here with a Song more sweet then long.



Allm.

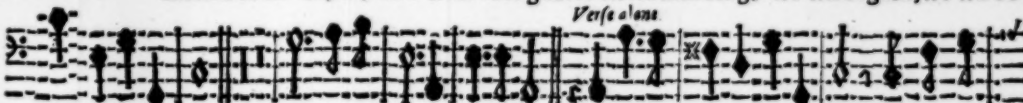
a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassm.



Elcome to the Grove, here with a Song more sweet then long, we will beguile, we will be-



-guile, the sliding hours crave and receive a new supply: The Sun ob-serving Marygold, that with his



light her beams unfold : Those Tulips a New way doe seek, to stock their mixtures from her cheek,



whilst the whole quire of Birds rejoyce, to improve their warb ——— ling from her



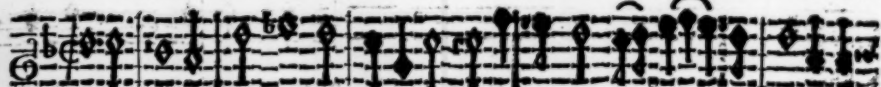
voyce : Then all must grant heer's to be seen, Beauties and Musicks Magazine.

Mr. William Smegergill alias Cesar

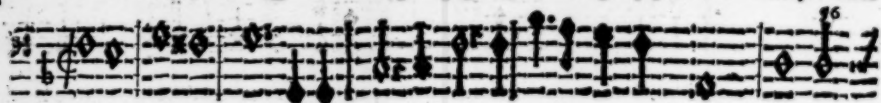
4. 3. 206.

Cantus.

Mr. William Smoegerill alias Caesar.

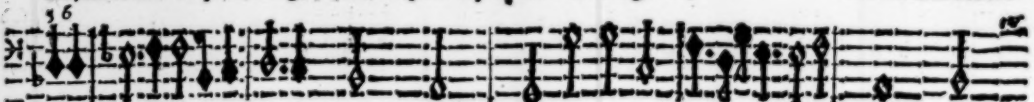


Ulick, Musick, thou Queen of souls, get up, get up, & string thy powerfull Lute, & some



sad, some sad Requiem sing, til cliffs requite thy echo's with a grone,

and the dull Rocks



Alms alone.

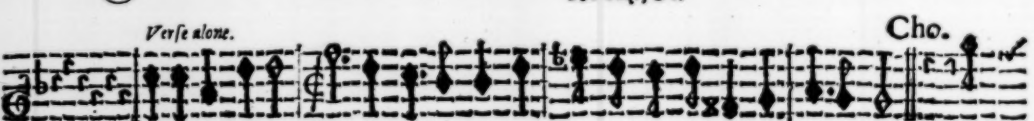
repeat the duller tone,

Then on a suddain, &c.



Bassus alone.

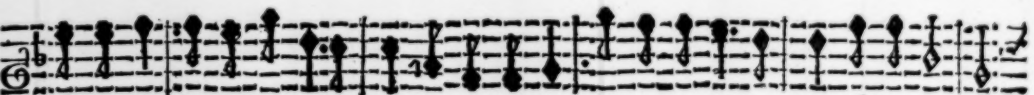
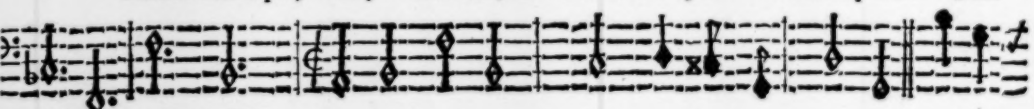
The Oake, &c.



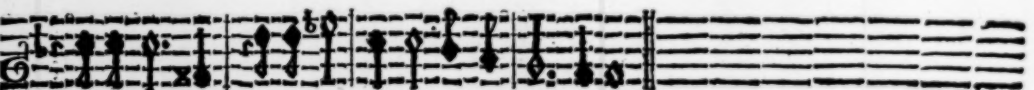
Verse alone.

Cho.

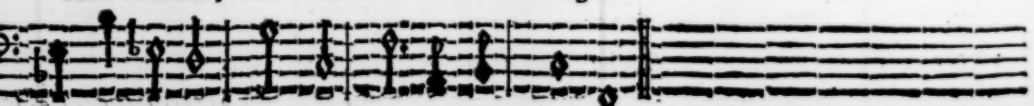
Mirtles shall caper, lofty Ceders run, & call the courtly Palme to make up one: Then



in the midst of all their jolly straine, then in the midst of all their jol-ly straine, strike a sad note,

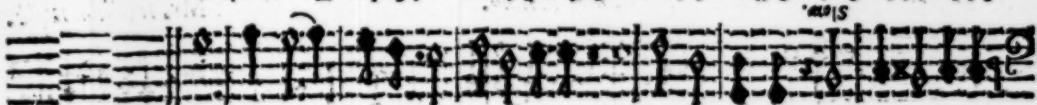


strike a sad note, strike a sad note and fix 'um Trees againe.

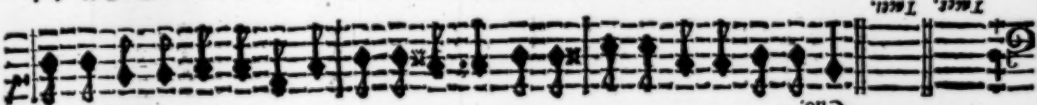


Mr. William Smegergill alias Caesar.

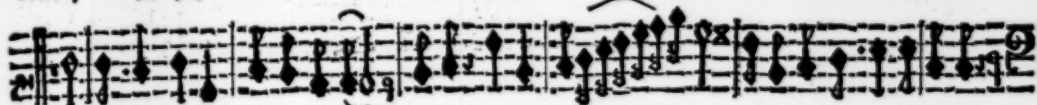
Mr. William Smegergill alias Caesar.



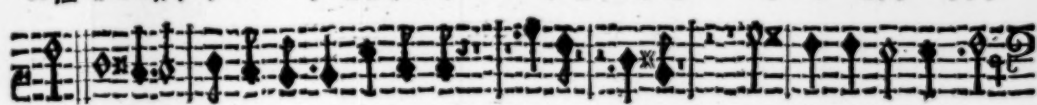
Then in the midst of all their jol-ly, jol-ly, jol-ly straine; then in the midst of all their



on a fuddain, with a nimble hand, run gently o're the Cords, and to command the Pine to dance:



fad, some fad Requiem sing, Eccho, Eccho, and the dull Rocks repeat the duller tone: Then



Ulick, Musick, thou Queen of soules, get up, get up, & string thy powerfull Lute, and some

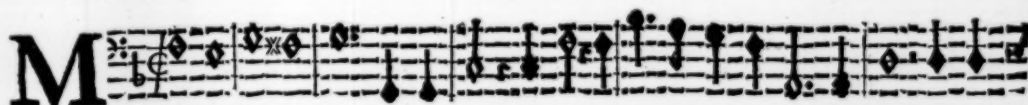


Alm.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

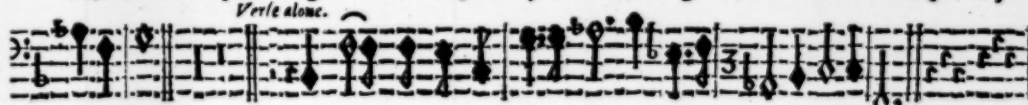
Bassm.



Ulick, Musick, thou Queen of soules, get up, get up, & string thy powerfull Lute, and some

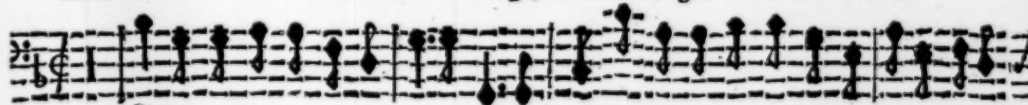


fad, some fad Requiem sing, till Cliffs requite thy Eccho with a grone, & the dull Rocks repeat thy

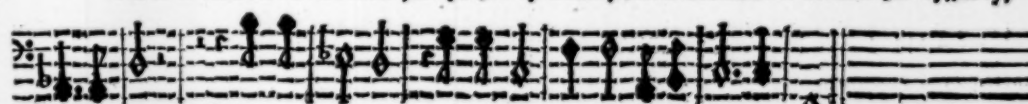


duller tone:

The Oake her root forego, the Palm and aged Elme to foot it too:



Then in the midst of all their jol-ly, jol-ly straine; then in the midst of all their jol-ly, jol-ly,



jol-ly straine, strike a sad note, strike a sad note, and fix 'um Trees againe.

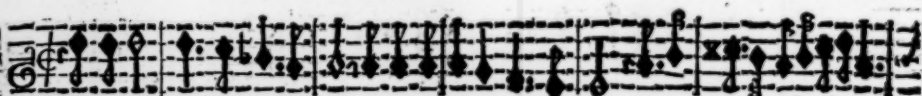
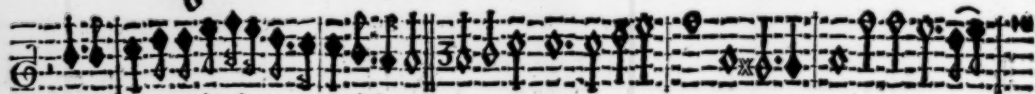
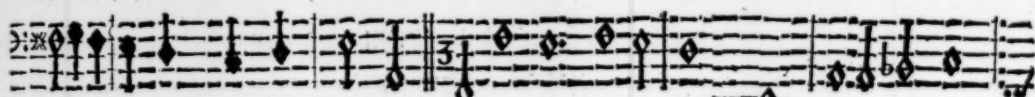
Mr. William Smegergill alias Caesar.

Hh 2

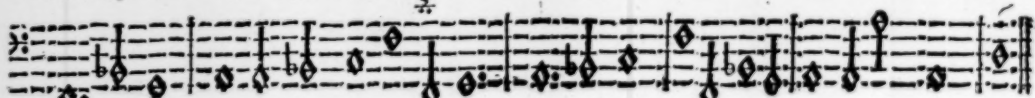
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Webb.

S the sweet breath and gentle gales of our *Pernassus* glads the vales whose resounding Ec—choesprove a *Chorus*, a *Chorus*, to our songs of love : So lofty charms, so lofty charms, of Musicks skill, the ra—visht

heart with pleasures fill, with ple—ures fill, voice of Cupid sings a—bove, the heart below doth Ec—cho love,

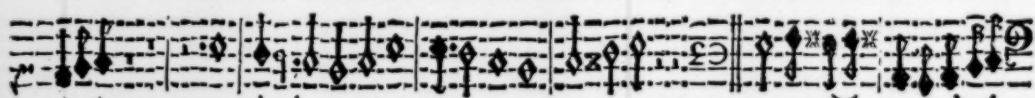
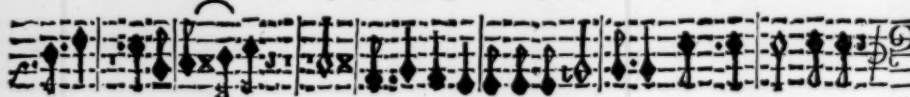


Mr. William Webb.

plea—ures fill, the voice of Cupid sings a—bove, the heart below doth Ec—cho love,



So lofty charms of Musicks skill, the ra—visht heart with

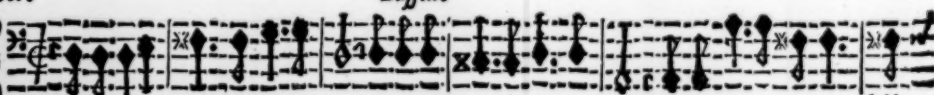
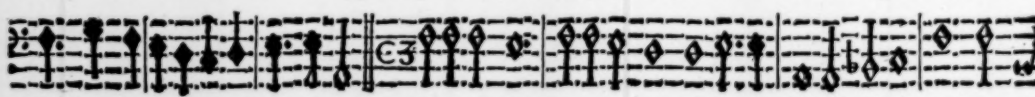
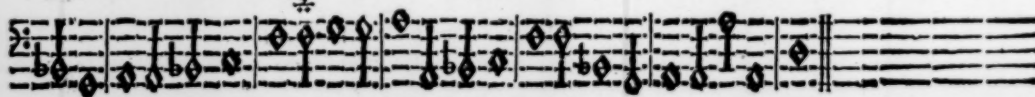
S the sweet breath and gentle gales of our *Pernassus* glads the vales, Ec—choes prove a

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

S the sweet breath and gentle gales of our *Pernassus* glads the vales, whose resounding Echoes, Ec—-choes, prove a *Chorus* to our Songs of love : So lofty charms, so lofty charms of Musicks skill, the ra—visht heart with

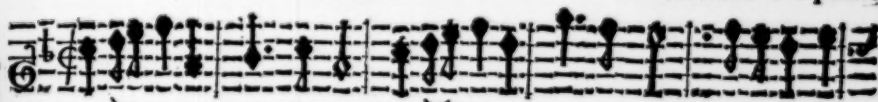
pleasures fill, with pleasures fill, the voice of Cupid sings above, the heart below doth Echo love.

Mr. William Webb.

a. 3. Voc.

Cantus.

Mr. William Tompkins.



Ine yong folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did swear, yet you ne'r could



reach my heart, for we courtiers learn to school only with your sex to fool, y'ar not worth our serious part.



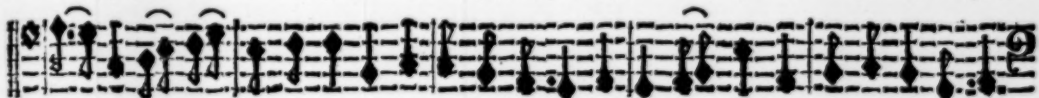
When I sigh and kisse your hand,
Crosse mine Armes, and wondring stand,
Holding fairly with your eye:
Then dilate on my desires,
Swear the Sun ne'r shot such fires,
All is but a handsome lye.

Wherefore, Madam, wear no Cloud,
Nor to check my flames grow proud,
For insooth I much do doubt;
'Tis the powder in your hair,
Not your breath perfumes the Ayre,
And your cloaths that set you out.

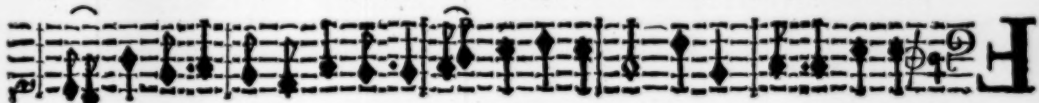
When I eye your Curles or Lace,
Gentle soule, you think your face
Straight, some murder doth commit
And your conscience doth begin
To be scrup'lous of my sin,
When I court to shew my wit.

Yet though truth hath this confest,
And I swear I love in jest,
Courteous soule, when next I court,
And protest an amorous flame,
You I vow I in earnest am,
Bedlam, this is pritty sport.

reach my heart, for we courtiers learn at school, only with your sex to fool, y'ar not worth our serious part.



Fine yong folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did swear, yet you ne'r could

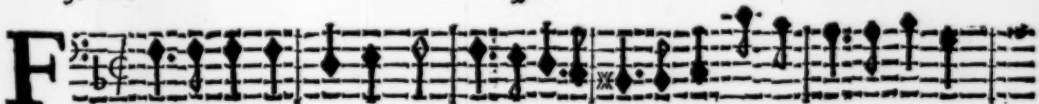


Alto.

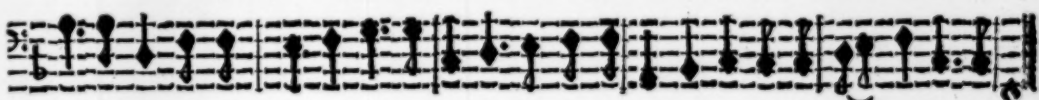
a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bass.



Ine yong folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did swear, yet you ne'r, you ne'r could



reach my heart, for we courtiers learn at school, only with your sex to fool, y'ar not worth our serious part.

F I N I S.

ii

Mr. William Tompkins.

The Table to the first Book of Ayres, for a Voice alone to the Theorbo or Basse Violl.

A Bout the sweet Bag of a Bee,	8	L ike Hermit poore,	1
A Lover once I did espy,	9	Little love serves my turn,	18
A Willow Garland thou didst send,	20	Let not thy beauty make thee proud,	19
Amidst the Myrtles as I walkt,	21	Ladies fly from loves smooth tale,	21
B eauty and Love once once fell at ods,	10	Lay that fullen Garland by thee,	25
Bid me but live,	10	N either sighs nor tears,	2
By all the Glories,	11	No, no, fair Heretick,	12
Bright <i>Aurelia</i> I do vow,	29	Never perswade me to't,	30
Bring back my Comfort and return,	31	No more blind Boy, for see my heart,	33
C ome Lovers all to me,	9	Of the kind boy,	7
<i>Cloris</i> farewell I now must go,	19	<i>Phillis</i> why should we delay,	16
Come lovely <i>Phillis</i> ,	20	S he that loves me for my selfe,	7
<i>Cloris</i> false love made <i>Cloris</i> weep,	22	Stay, O stay that heart,	27
Change Platonicks, change for shame,	28	Since love hath in thine and mine eyes,	32
F aith be no longer coy,	4	T hou art not fair,	2
Fain would I <i>Cloris</i> ,	24	Tell me no more her eyes,	5
Go and besstride the Wind,	6	Tell me ye wandring spirits,	13
H ow coole and temperate am I grown	14	Take, O take those lips away,	24
How happy art thou and I,	15	'Tis but a frown, I prithe thee let me die,	34
How am I chang'd from what I was,	29	Tell not that I die, or that I live by thee,	35
I wish no more,	3	V ictorious Beauty,	5
I am confirm'd a woman can,	15	<i>Victori, Victoria, il mio core,</i>	36
If the quick spirit of your eye,	17	V Vhy shouldst thou swear,	3
I love a Lasse, but cannot shew it,	23	When thou didst think I did not love,	4
I prithe thee find me back my heart,	30	Wer't thou more fairer then thou art,	23
I can love for an hour when I am at leisure,	32	Wake my <i>Adonis</i> do not die,	26
I will not trust thy tempting Graces,	35	When <i>Calia</i> I intend to flatter you,	21
		Why dearest should you weep,	38

The Table of the second Book, containing Pastorall Dialogues for two Voyces.

I prithe thee keep my Sheep for me,	1	Dear <i>Silvia</i> let thy <i>Thirsis</i> know,	8
Shepherd in faith I cannot stay,	2	Did not you once <i>Lucinda</i> vow,	10
Come my <i>Daphne</i> , come away,	4	<i>Thirsis</i> kind Swain come near,	12
Forbear fond swain, I cannot love,	5	<i>Charon</i> , O gentle <i>Charon</i> let me woo thee,	13
<i>Vulcan</i> , O <i>Vulcan</i> my Love,	7	<i>Con bel se gella</i> , Ital. Aire for two voc.	16

The Table to the third Book, containing short Ayres or Songs for three Voyces.

I wish no more thou shouldst love me,	17	O my <i>Clarissa</i> thou cruell faire,	25
Let her give her hand or glove,	18	Gather your Rose buds,	26
<i>Cloris</i> farewell, I now must go,	19	In the merry month of May,	27
Not that I wish my Mistris,	20	Welcome to the Grove,	28
Tell me, O <i>Damen</i> , canst thou prove,	21	Musick thou Queen of souls,	30
Wer't thou yet fairer then thou art,	22	As the Sweet breath and gentle gales,	32
You meaner beauties of the night,	23	Fine yong folly,	33
Though I am young and cannot tell,	24		

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